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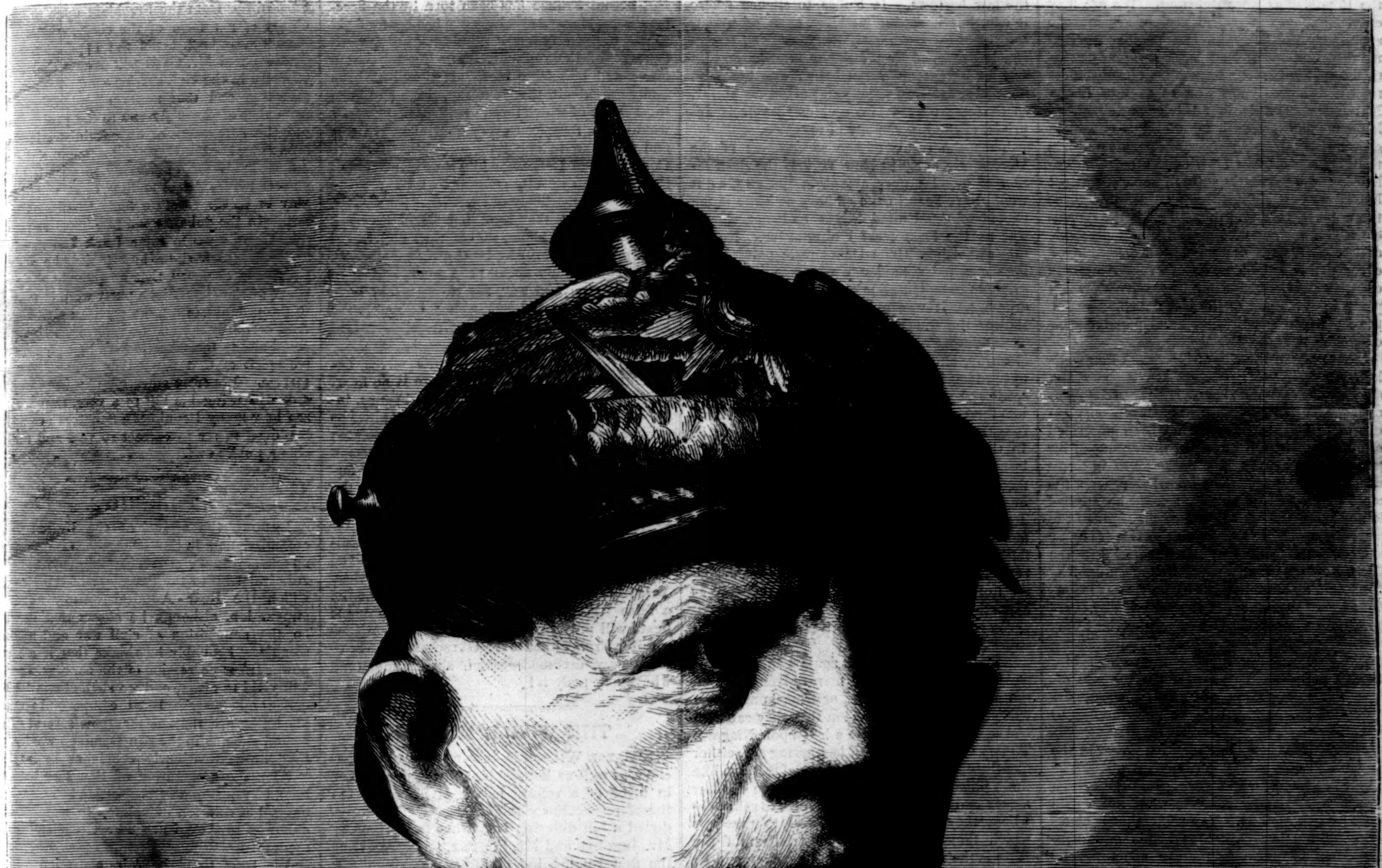


COUNT VON MOLTKE.—[See Page 131.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, February 11, 1871.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out a splendid* SUPPLEMENT, *containing a large and accurate*

PICTORIAL MAP OF PARIS,

showing all the principal Buildings, Parks, Monuments, etc., together with the surrounding Fortifications, and the Prussian Lines of Investment. It will be of great assistance in studying the accounts of the Bombardment.

THE IMPERIAL RING.

During the long Republican ascendency in this State the Democratic party constantly alleged that the city of New York had been virtually deprived of self-government by the system of commissions appointed by the Governor and Legislature. The people were implored to save the very principle of free popular institutions by overthrowing the Republicans and bringing the Democracy into power. At length the Republicans were defeated. We are now entering upon the second year of Democratic supremacy in the State, and popular government in the city of New York is already practically subverted. An imperialism has been established here as absolute as that of Louis Napoleon, and it is formally sustained, as his was, by an occasional *plebiscite* called an election. De Tocqueville, that acute political thinker, contemplated with the utmost apprehension a democratic state of society without honest democratic institutions. He thought it the worst form of tyranny. This is the spectacle which the city of New York now presents, and it challenges the thoughtful attention of every political student, as of every American citizen who is looking candidly to see with which party in this country the just development of the American constitutional and popular principle is most assured.

There are in the city of New York four well-known persons—Mr. Tweed, Mr. Sweeny, Mr. Connolly, and Mr. Hall. They are the managers of Tammany Hall, and the most conspicuous of them, Mr. Tweed, has been described often and at length in one of the organs of his party in the city, the New York *World*, in terms which, if not justified by knowledge, were the most wantonly injurious that could be applied to any man. And it is one of the signs of the power of which we speak that the *World* is now as utterly the spaniel of the imperial Ring as Paul de Cassagnac's paper was of Louis Napoleon. The four persons whom we have mentioned are the authors of the present city charter, which was passed last spring by the Democratic Legislature—many Republicans voting for it because of a registry law which Mr. Tweed permitted to pass for the purpose of procuring an appearance of unanimous support for his charter, and which he now intends to repeal.

The charter vests the executive power in the Mayor and the heads of departments. The Mayor is elected for two years; and the system by which Tammany controls what are called elections is notorious. The Controller is elected every four years. The heads and commissioners of departments are appointed by the Mayor to serve from four to eight years. The charter was passed, and took effect immediately. The Mayor was Mr. Hall, and he instantly appointed Mr. Tweed Commissioner of Public Works, and Mr. Sweeny the head of the Department of Parks. In November Mr. Connolly was elected Controller under the auspices of Tammany Hall. Thus these four persons, known as the Ring, and who by familiar means nominate and elect their agents to the Legislature, and fill all minor offices with their adherents, were placed by the charter which they had prepared, and which the party under their control had passed, in the chief executive positions in the city. Their official terms are four years, except that of Mr. Sweeny, which is five years, and that of Mr. Hall, which is two. They will continue to hold the offices at their pleasure. So efficient is the political machinery of Tammany Hall, and so well adjusted is it to Democratic voters, that no man whom the imperial Ring does not nominate will be elected Mayor, and it will nominate no one of whose obedience it is not sure.

The next step is now to be taken in the formal subversion of the popular system. The imperial Ring has introduced a bill in the Legislature which constitutes the Mayor (Mr. Hall), the Controller (Mr. Connolly), the Commissioner of Public Works (Mr. Tweed), and the President of the Department of Parks (Mr. Sweeny) a Board of Apportionment, which, after providing for the interest of the city debt, and for the city's proportion of the State tax, shall appropriate at its pleasure all the money that is raised by taxation in the city. To make this extraordinary grant of power more acceptable, it is decreed that the amount raised in 1871 and 1872 shall not exceed a sum equal to two per cent. of the valuation already fixed for this year by the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments. And it is further provided that no bonds and stocks of the city or county, except those already authorized, shall be issued hereafter except by this Board. But it is by their will alone that the rate of taxation is limited for two years to two per cent. of the present valuation. It will rest with them alone to determine what the rate shall be after the two years are ended, or to amend their law next year by striking out the limitation for 1872, and leaving the valuation wholly at their pleasure.

Meanwhile, to divert public attention from this practical imperialism which the Democratic party has thus established, it imitates the policy of Louis Napoleon, who imitated the Roman despots, in amusing the people with games and public displays while they destroyed liberty. Thus there is a show of care about the public grounds, and of anxiety to complete the system of water supplies. There is an ostentation of charity to the poor. But while every man is glad that suffering is relieved, he shrugs his shoulders when he is asked if the money that relieved it was honestly gotten. While this is the outer show, the secret aim of the imperial Ring is to dishearten opposition by showing its hopelessness, and to terrify capital by a relentless exercise of the mastery of property which the law bestows. It bribes to silence where it can, but it spares no blow, open or secret, to cripple those whom it fears, and the terrorism is deepened by the public knowledge that certain judges upon the bench are the supple tools of this enormous and arbitrary power, so that the citizen is conscious that he is deprived of the last remedy of injustice.

Thus the result of the ascendency of the Democratic party in New York is the destruction of popular government in the city, as it would have been in the country at large if the people of the United States had not chosen war as the least fearful alternative. Nor is this surprising. The Democratic party in its long national ascendency was steadily hostile to the fundamental principles of a free government. It was a vast conspiracy to make slavery the fundamental law of the republic. That purpose required absolute national demoralization, and the great effort of the party was to produce it. A clear perception of the true spirit and principle of free popular government was fatal to Democratic dominance, and therefore the party ruthlessly sought to obscure it. In the city of New York the party has never lost its supremacy. The men who guide it to-day are politicians bred either in total ignorance or in utter contempt of American principles. They are brought in constant contact with the most ignorant and venal men; and without faith in individual honor, with the sincerest persuasion that money and fear are the master-keys of politics, they distrust mere honesty as hypocrisy, and undoubtedly despise "the people" and their representatives as heartily as Robert Walpole.

Any Democratic protest against this imperial power, whether from the mere adventurers of the party, like the *World*, or from honest men who cherish the vain illusion that they can control it, is swept away like a leaf upon Niagara. To-day the protestants of last spring are, either like the *World*, kissing the imperial feet, or, like those honest men, lending the prestige of their names and the weight of their votes to schemers whom they utterly distrust, and to practices which they abhor. The imperialism of the Ring is the rule of corruption by money and by fear. It is a plague-spot in the centre of the American system. It is the fresh attack upon American institutions under the name of Democracy. Let the people of this country consider it well, and decide whether it is to restore the control of the national government to such men and to such influences that our brothers died in the field, and that we are taxed to-day.

FRANCE.

After enduring a siege of four months, with more patience and heroism than was expected of her turbulent and excitable population, Paris has surrendered. The uniform disaster, and even destruction, of the French armies left no alternative. It is perhaps without a precedent that a nation so fatally weak should have impressed the world as one of the strongest states almost to the very moment of its demolition. In June France was considered one of the most powerful of nations. In January it lies utterly prostrate before Germany. So total is the overthrow, so entire is the disintegration, that it is not easy to believe that it ever was a power which contested the mastery of Europe. Even the recent traditions of the Napoleonic era—that blazing line of invariable success—are already like vague and doubtful legends. In the light of to-day a character and career like those of Richelieu become inconceivable. The age of Louis the Fourteenth, of the great monarch, seems a mere fable. Poor France is a name only, no longer a power.

When Francis of France was beaten at Pavia he said that all was lost but honor. Yet what Frenchman can say that now? Is not the very sting of the situation the consciousness that the catastrophe was wantonly provoked, and that there has been little skill or heart in the resistance? We do not deny, of course—no one will—that Frenchmen have fought bravely. But through all the incessant shock of disaster there has been nothing more evident than jealousies, rivalries, hatreds, and intolerable lying. There seems to have been no hearty, heroic union of the people of France; and probably most observers are of opinion that, if the people should sincerely vote, they would restore the empire, and accept any peace that Germany might dictate.

The best Frenchmen—Guizot, Laboulaye, Laugel, Gasparin—insist that since Sedan France has been fighting to expel the invader, and that her cause has been that of liberty itself. But the France of which they speak is that of their imagination and hope. It is the ideal France, for instance, which Guizot held constantly in mind during his long administration. Yet that administration disappeared in a laugh and sneer from the actual France. It is the ideal France in which Laboulaye undoubtedly cherishes the highest faith. Yet Laboulaye voted for the empire as preferable to the government of the very men who have directed France since Sedan. When these gentlemen say that France would have done this, and that France was ready for that, they say what they themselves think the country should have done. But actual France has been torn by the fiercest dissensions. Actual France has been afraid to win the victory lest it should turn to the advantage of the republic. The French are a brave and impulsive race. If they had been really united—if, that is to say, there had been the France of which these gentlemen speak—it would have forgotten every quarrel in the sole and fiery vow to expel the invader. But the Committee of Defense, while they talked about the country, carefully refused to let the world hear its voice. They did not trust the France in whose name they appealed. Did they not know, as we all know, that if they had called an assembly of the people, and that assembly, which could alone speak for France, had cried out for union and war, the shout would have rung through every heart in the land and in the world like the old cry of the Crusades—"God wills it! God wills it!"

Yet for the unimaginable woe which has fallen upon the two countries there is no heart in the world which is not pained. France, indeed, is conquered; but the conqueror also has suffered. The homes of France are desolate; but there are how many and many German homes from which light and joy have gone forever! Our own experience teaches us the cruelest pang of war, which is also the most secret. We are now to see how France can reorganize herself—a nation paralyzed physically, industrially, and morally. She has lived by the sword, and by the sword she perishes. Yet, from the ruins of the old nation, pursuing a false "glory," every generous and humane heart will pray that a new nation may arise—a fairer France than ever Guizot and Laboulaye have dreamed—which shall understand what glory truly is!

THE WORLD MOVING.

Senator Wilson is known to be very sagacious as well as honorable, and his declaration in favor of a reform in the civil service has therefore peculiar significance. He has introduced a bill differing somewhat from those of Mr. Jenckes and Mr. Schurz, and resembling the first English bill of fifteen years ago. It provides that all appointments shall be subject to the approval of a board of three examiners, selected by the head of the department to which the office belongs. The appointment is to be finally determined after a satisfactory probation, and the term is to be four years. Unlike the plans of Mr. Jenckes and Mr. Schurz, this system opens the doors only to those previously nominated, and consequently does not avoid the partisan difficulty, especially as the official term is that of an administration. The result would practically be, if the intention were faithfully followed, to fill the offices with fit men of the dominant party. This is, indeed, an improvement upon the present plan. But if Mr. Wilson's bill can be passed, a very much better system is practicable.

The moral difficulty, so to speak, of the present system is the uncertainty of official tenure. The system teaches that honesty, fidelity, industry, and efficiency are of no value in the public service, and constantly tempts the officer to make hay while the sun shines. Moreover, it imparts a ferocity to party contests, which surely need no exasperation. It makes every election not a choice of governmental policy, but a desperate struggle for bread and butter. Thus, again, it degrades and demoralizes, because, while our obvious duty and interest are to purify and elevate political discussion in every practicable way, this system tends to exclude reason and intelligence from politics altogether. Mr. Wilson's bill provides that officers at the end of four years shall be eligible for reappointment. But of what avail is such a provision for an officer of one party when the other has come into power? The fact that the experience of the incumbent is a great advantage to the service would be of no weight whatever against the argument of party desert. And by-and-by the very limitation of four years would be cited as evidence that a change with every administration was contemplated by the framer of the bill.

Undoubtedly Mr. Wilson proposes his bill not as the best system, but as the only modification of the present system that public opinion would sustain or Congress pass. But if it were all that Congress would countenance, it is by no means all that would satisfy public opinion. If the question of a thorough reform in the civil service should be put to vote in the country, it would be carried by an immense majority. The technical politicians would strenuously oppose it; but the intelligence and character of the country would support it with enthusiasm, and a flood of light would be thrown upon practical politics, which would show how infinitely superior to the heathen Chinee, in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, is the American trading politician. The chief difficulty with Mr. Wilson's proposition is that it would not secure even the improvement at which he aims. For the whole subject would be left, as it is now, at the mercy of party; and the heads of departments would select a party commission which would be governed by party considerations.

We observe that Senators Morton and Cameron differ from the President upon the desirability of a reform of the civil service. Mr. Morton, indeed, leads the opposition in the Senate; and Mr. Cameron asserts that the cry of abuse in the civil service comes from a small minority, and that under all administrations, from that of John Adams to the present, none but the supporters of an administration have held office! Mr. Cameron's Senatorial duties are probably too engrossing to permit him to perfect his historical studies, or he would probably endeavor to state facts when arguments fail. In the debate upon Mr. Trumbull's bill Mr. Wilson made some frank and manly assertions, which show how plainly he sees the evil. He declared that he thought the grievances of the Republican party were largely due to the practice of a mere partisan civil service. And certainly there is no reform which is more congenial to the principles and wisely progressive spirit of that party than that of the civil service. We trust sincerely that Senator Wilson will bring his bill to a vote, that we may see how many Republican Senators are unwilling even to try to correct so vast and undeniable a public evil.

THE SHIPS.

Before the arrival of the United States commissioners in San Domingo was announced an extraordinary letter was published from Rear-Admiral Lee to the Secretary of the Navy, in which the Rear-Admiral warmly advocates annexation, although he allows that it would be the acquisition of civil war and financial trouble. Probably he thinks that if a strong power takes possession of the country, anarchy will yield to order, and we shall obtain "cheap coffee and sugar." But the important points in his letter are that he mentions several of our armed ships as in the San Domingo waters, and that he sententiously concludes by saying: "With the annexation of San Domingo the boundary question will be settled by an easy and natural revolution of opinion in Hayti for annexation to America. The circumstances all seem favorable."

We trust that the Administration is fully aware that the country sees the ships in those waters, and that a project of annexation consummated under the guns of our navy will be not only a serious blunder but a crime. In that case the Dominican territory would not be annexed. It would be seized by conquest, as Germany has seized Alsace and Lorraine, and without the justification which Germany may plead; while "an easy and natural revolution of opinion" in Hayti, produced by the American naval commander threatening the Haytien President in his own palace with the destruction of his capital, would be a shameful prostitution of the power of this government. The presence of our fleet in the Dominican and Haytien harbors at this time is a circumstance very much graver than seems to be understood at Washington. The people of the United States have not asked for the annexation of any part of the island. They do not wish it. The project springs from a policy which they have repudiated. But as the President is very much interested in annexation, and very anxious for it, and as an able and impartial commission has been sent to investigate and report upon the whole subject, the country awaits information.

Still, if there is to be annexation—which is untimely, undesirable, and enfeebling—it should be accomplished honorably. Yet, with the fleet in the waters of San Domingo, after the threats conveyed to the President of the Haytien Republic by our minister in his letter, and by our Admiral in his conversation, it can not be honorably accomplished. Public opinion in this country may finally acquiesce in Dominican annexation if the Dominicans themselves wish it. But while our ships are lying before their capital we can not know whether they wish it or not. The Secretary of State admits that the influence of the ships was to keep the peace. Then if they had not been there, the peace might have been broken, and the Baez Government overthrown, and annexation defeated. If the United States mean to coerce the Dominicans, let the ships remain. But if we intend that their action shall be entirely free, let the Secretary of the Navy order the ships away. Above all, if one of our admirals has threatened the executive chief of a government with which ours is at peace that he would open fire upon him if he took any action adverse to our wishes in a matter which involved the destruction of his government and the absorption of his country, let the admiral be called before a court of inquiry. It was an act of war: and when did Congress declare war against Hayti?

The first necessity of the situation is the recall of the ships. It is very generally believed that they are there to sustain President **Baez**, who represents the Dominican party of annexation; and so long as they remain there the people of the United States will very properly decline to perceive any proof that it is the unbiased wish of the Dominicans to be annexed. Quite as urgent is the necessity of their recall from Hayti, because we know, upon the evidence of Mr. **Bassett**, our minister, and of Admiral **Poor**, that they are there to coerce Haytien action. The merits of the case are not to be discussed while there is this constraint. The Dominican and Haytien, indeed, are only two small and insignificant governments. Their absorption or direct conquest by the United States would not disturb the world nor any of our relations with other powers. But the United States are not small and insignificant. They are the great republic, one of the chief powers of history and the world; and their character is hopelessly stained if they do not conduct all their relations, and especially with their weaker neighbors, with perfect honor.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

In a late article upon the Russian Question, Mr. **John Stuart Mill** asserts that when states make treaties like the Treaty of Paris, which impose very stringent conditions upon one of the signers because of defeat, it is only reasonable to consider that his assent is given under duress, and that he will recede from the treaty at the first favorable opportunity. This is undoubtedly a true view. But it should be added that the coerced state should sign under protest. If no dissent is expressed, and, after ample consideration and opportunity of objection, the different states sign, it is evident, as Lord **Granville** said, that when one of the signers wishes to withdraw, he ought to invite his co-signers to reconsider the treaty. If they decline, or if, upon consultation, they refuse to release the dissenter, he will, of course, take his own action, with all the risks. This is a right which every sovereign state reserves under all emergencies; but such a course is to be especially expected from a state whose action has been constrained.

The principle which Mr. **Mill** states will affect any enforced assent of France to the results of the present war; and this has been constantly recognized by **Bismarck**. He has held throughout that the French hostility to Germany would be more deadly than ever, and that further war would be but a question of time. The true policy of Germany, therefore, he thinks, is to obtain as much security as possible. Whether Germany retains or relinquishes Alsace and Lorraine, the result will be the same. France will hate Germany because of the terrible humiliation of the war. She will not hate her more if Alsace and Lorraine are retained. But if they are retained, Germany will have a real security, to which she is entitled.

The only valid objection which other European states could make, under the system which they acknowledge, and with their own precedents, is that the balance of power would be disturbed. This has long been the pivot of European politics. When **Isabella** of Spain was a child, the question of her marriage became a European question, and England, France, Austria, and Prussia fell to corresponding and intriguing, upon the ground that her marriage involved the balance of power. Under that pretense France had her own way, and **Isabella** married her cousin—an alliance which retained the succession in the **Bourbon** line, as France had demanded. The balance of power in Europe was, of course, only theoretically affected by all this; but it was a "good enough Morgan" for the various powers, and for a conflict of wits which is utterly ludicrous. The same balance of power will be the excuse now, if the "great powers" wish to protest against the absorption of Alsace and Lorraine.

But they will hardly do it, not only because the claim of Germany is very plausible, but because they know that she would not yield to the protest, and the alternative would be a European coalition to make war upon Germany. Nor can the United States insist that the population shall be first consulted, because we have ourselves annexed territories without consultation of the people interested; and in the St. Thomas negotiation it was Denmark and not the United States which proposed that the people of the island should be asked whether they wished to change their allegiance. Yet the seizure of Alsace and Lorraine by the mere force of conquest, and without the least attempt to ascertain the inclination of the people, will be none the less an act which will alienate much of the sympathy which has attended Germany through the war. The general conviction is that those provinces, although formerly German, are now essentially French, and would much prefer to remain so. Nor has the marvelous result of the war changed the opinion which we expressed last summer, that the destruction of the fortresses of Eastern France, an ample indemnity, and the submission of the question of cession to the people of Alsace and Lorraine, should be the essential conditions of the settlement between the countries.

NOTES.

Probably every New Yorker who is familiar with the politics of the State read with an amused smile the message of Governor **Hoffman** denouncing bribery at elections. The peril of electoral corruption is indeed evident. Undoubtedly the Governor of the State was elected two years ago by bribery and fraud of many kinds. His Excellency's message irresistibly recalls the familiar story of the temperance lecturer who was always attended by his brother, who was by no means a teetotaler. "I understand," said a friend to him, "that your brother lectures upon temperance; but what, in the name of decency, have you to do with a temperance lecture?" "I?" returned the brother—"why, I am the 'awful example.'"

Mr. **George Ticknor**, the historian of Spanish literature, who recently died in Boston at the age of eighty, was one of the most accomplished literary scholars in the country, and his house was for many years the seat of refined hospitality. His life was the uneventful one of a devoted scholar, and the larger part of it was passed in the spacious and delightful library which overlooked the Common. There the reminiscences of a man who had seen most of the famous people of the last sixty years, and who had known many of them intimately, were pleasantly narrated, and were most interesting; and there the host sought to vindicate his claim to a place among them by the preparation of his exhaustive work upon the literature of Spain. Mr. **Ticknor** was strongly conservative in his sympathies and opinions. He had little confidence in the spirit of progress and reform which animated the world immediately around him, and with which the other scholars, his immediate neighbors, were so deeply moved. But he was zealous and active in all educational and literary projects, and his practical sagacity made him always a valuable counselor. His life was long and singularly fortunate; and he died peacefully in old age, with no sad previous failure of his powers.

The terrible war in France naturally makes every body wish that there were to be no more wars. It is a humane emotion and a noble desire, but its expression should have strict regard to actual circumstances. To wish that war were abolished is to wish that men would be governed by reason and the Christian law of forgiveness of injuries. But if we were literally to forgive all injuries, the profession of the law might be in danger. Yet to demand the abolition of that profession as a means of producing a spirit of forgiveness would not be wise. The Massachusetts Peace Society have recently resolved that, in view of the appalling European drama, America and England have no political or moral right to be mute spectators, but "should seize the opportune moment to organize an indignant protest of the world into a supreme law of nations to forever prevent the recurrence of international strife." We sympathize heartily with this wish; but the world which is called upon to protest indignantly is the world that makes war. If people would not enlist, nor submit to a government which drafts them, wars would end. In the present case seven millions of the people of France—an enormous and overwhelming majority—had just declared their support of the government which maintained a military organization as the basis of its system; and when war was declared it received the popular sympathy until reverses developed the intestine feuds which have completed the ruin of France. **Louis Napoleon** said that his empire was peace. But declarations are of no importance. The gradual progress of civilization, the enlightenment which shows the better policy of charity and forbearance, will alone put an end to war, as to the quarrels of private selfishness.

The New York *World* speaks of "a party which supports **Carl Schurz** in the Senate, and has sent **Frank Blair** to keep him company, and which put **Gratz Brown** at the head of the State." This may be called "making things serene." A party which supports a Republican of the deepest conviction like Senator **Schurz**, and an extreme Democrat like Senator **Blair**, must be the same kind of party that would support in this State Mr. **Conkling** and Mr. **Seymour**. As for Governor **Gratz Brown**, he has defined his position for himself in a speech which the *World* published on the day before it said that the Governor and General **Blair** were supported by the same party. Mr. **Brown** said at the St. Louis banquet in honor of Senator **Blair**: "It is perfectly understood that the gentleman whom you have elected to one of the highest offices in the land, to represent Missouri in the United States Senate, and myself, occupy relatively distinct positions. He is a member of the Democratic party, while I am enrolled among the Republican party." Nothing could be more pointed and distinct than Governor **Brown**'s declaration of his Republicanism; and it would be interesting to know the name of "a party" which supports Republicans and Democrats at the same time. It is very evident that some "party" is sadly cheated. It is true that Governor **Brown** and Senators **Schurz** and **Blair** are all "revenue reformers;" but that no more puts them into the same party than agreement upon the same subject puts Mr. **Bryant** and Mr. **Tilden** into the same party.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Whether connected in any way with the unusual heat of the past summer, or merely as an accidental coincidence, it is stated that the Gulf Stream has manifested its presence much farther to the northeast in the seas north of Europe than had previously been observed; so much so, indeed, that no solid ice was found at 75° 50′ north latitude and 79° east longitude. During the summer Nova Zembla was completely circumnavigated by Captain **Johannesen**, who, however, from certain observations made by him, found reason to believe that, in the winter-time, there is a communication between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen either by land or by ice.

Letters have just been received from Dr. H. **Berendt**, dated at Merida, in Yucatan, early in January. The Doctor, who is well known in American circles both as a naturalist and philologist, has been occupied for a number of years past in exploring the unknown region in the vicinity of Peten, in Guatemala, and has already added much to our knowledge of that country. His principal linguistic work consists of a very complete manuscript dictionary of the Maya language, or that spoken by the inhabitants of Yucatan at the period of the Spanish discovery, and still used by the wild tribes of the peninsula.

Fears were entertained, at one time, for the safety of Dr. **Berendt**, in consequence of the hostile attitude of the Yucatan Indians. These have been happily dissipated by the information that he is comfortably established at Merida, where he is prosecuting his researches. He expects to return to the United States in May or June next.

The inhabitants of the northern portion of Berks County, in Pennsylvania, have lately been much exercised at the existence of a small pack of wolves in that neighborhood, by which a number of sheep have been killed. It is many years since such animals have been seen in that part of Pennsylvania, although in the region farther north and west they are said to be not very uncommon.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, in his late message, urges the importance of a new geological and mineralogical survey of the State; and we trust that his advice will be followed by the Legislature, and that the proposed survey will be initiated at an early date. The report of Professor **Rogers**, although very valuable in many respects, is yet far from embodying the entire amount of information needed to obtain a just idea of the vast mineral wealth of Pennsylvania; and there is no doubt but that a new examination, conducted in connection with the latest modes of research, and by the competent men who will doubtless be called upon to take charge of the matter, will yield an immense amount of important practical information.

The Springfield *Republican* speaks of the capture in the course of two days in a pond in Granby, Connecticut, not long since, of a large number of pickerel, amounting to six hundred. We believe the restrictions regulating the capture of this fish have been recently removed in several of the New England States, so that they may be taken at any time. This is a prudent measure, since the voracity of pickerel prevents the introduction of other and much more valuable species of fish.

A Buenos Ayres journal congratulates the people of the Argentine Republic upon the discovery of guano in great quantity on certain sea islands belonging to that country, an entire cargo having lately arrived at the city. The discoverer reports that the amount is very large; and dreams of rivalry with Peru in the possession of this valuable commodity are already freely indulged by the Argentines.

Few States of our Union are liberating themselves so rapidly from dependence on other sections of the country and the world as California, new fields of industry being continually opened up and more or less explored. According to a late paper, the three most notable events in this progress during the year 1870 are the shipment of the first bale of home-raised silk; the successful raising of the first crop of cotton, which has led to the planting of large tracts; and the first successful manufacture of beet sugar.

By late advices from the extreme north of the continent, we learn that small-pox and measles have continued to make fearful ravages among the natives. Entire bands of Esquimaux, in the region between the mouths of the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, have been exterminated by measles; and in a settlement of five hundred half-breeds, near Fort Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, one hundred and eighty have already died of the small-pox, the disease being still in full activity.

At the meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, January 3, Professor O. C. **Marsh**, of Yale College, exhibited tooth of a new species of *Lophiodon* (a tapir-like animal), from the miocene marl of Cumberland County, New Jersey, which is the first indication of the remains of the tapir family on the Atlantic coast, or of the genus *Lophiodon* in this country east of the Rocky Mountain region. This species, which was named *Lophiodon validus*, was probably a contemporary of the *Rhinoceros matutinus*, described by Professor **Marsh**, from remains found at the same geological horizon in Monmouth County, New Jersey.

According to late advices at the Navy Department, the steamer *Kansas*, of the Tehuantepec Ship Canal expedition, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 6th of January, from Minatitlan, and reported that at the last accounts the surveying party was on the mountains east of Tarifa, where, if water can be obtained for the supply of the summit, it is thought that a canal can be built at a less cost than elsewhere on the isthmus. It was, however, considered extremely doubtful whether a sufficient amount of water could be found, and that, therefore, the inquiry in regard to a ship canal must be transferred to Nicaragua, in accordance with the purport of the resolution ordering the work.

It may be mentioned in this connection that a very thorough exploration, under Professor **Sumichrast**, of the natural history of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec has lately been brought to a close, after a duration of several years. The work was prosecuted under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, and very complete collections in all branches of zoology have been sent from time to time to Washington.

However rare whales are becoming in the seas north of America and Eastern Asia, they are said to be extremely abundant at the present time to the east of the North Cape of Europe, ten or more having been found stranded on the shores in a single season. All the beaches in that region are said to be strewn with bones or partially decomposed carcasses, which can be scented at a great distance. The species of whale is not well ascertained; but it is said to attain sometimes the length of 110 feet.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 23.—In the Senate, a bill to increase the pensions of disabled soldiers and sailors twenty per cent. for five years was passed.—The House passed a bill to regulate rank in the navy.

January 24.—In the Senate, an adverse report was made on the bill for refunding interest to the States on the expenses incurred in aiding the government to carry on the war.—The House passed the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill.

January 25.—The session of the Senate was mainly occupied with a long personal debate, and nothing of importance was done.—The House passed a bill turning over several military reservations near the forts on the Western frontier to the Secretary of the Interior to be sold.

January 26.—The Senate, by a majority of one, passed a bill to repeal the income tax.—In the House, a communication was received from Commissioner Pleasonton in relation to the income tax, in which he expressed the belief that the evils more than counterbalanced the benefits derived from its retention, and recommended its unconditional repeal.

January 27.—The Senate passed a joint resolution appointing General Sherman a Regent of the Smithsonian Institute.—In the House, a question of privilege was raised on the Income Tax Repeal bill, from the Senate, that the Constitution required that all measures to raise money should originate in the House. After some debate, the Speaker ruled the question well taken, the objection having been made that the bill only repealed an act to raise money. The previous question was moved, and the resolution was adopted.

January 28.—Senate not in session, and the House met only for general debate.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Mr. Thomas Garrett, a prominent Abolitionist, and well known as a friend of escaping slaves, died in Wilmington, Delaware, January 25, aged eighty-two. He had been ill for some time.

Representative Butler, of Tennessee, who was accused of forgery, has been acquitted by the Criminal Court in Washington, after the examination of a few witnesses. The Court stated that there was not the slightest foundation for the prosecution.

Mr. George Ticknor, a distinguished scholar of Boston, died January 26, at the age of eighty years.

The boiler of the steamer *W. R. Arthur* exploded near Island No. 40, on the Mississippi River, January 28, and it is reported that sixty lives were lost. The vessel was owned in St. Louis, and was valued at $75,000.

Rain has fallen in California sufficient to remove all apprehension for the safety of the next wheat crop, and sowing is progressing rapidly.

The Anglo-American Committee in London publish a report on the fishery question and other points of difference between the United States and Great Britain. While the conclusions are somewhat unfavorable to the Americans, the Canadian pretensions on the question of headlands are held to be unfounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On Sunday, January 29, the Emperor of Germany telegraphed to Berlin that on the previous night an armistice for three weeks had been signed; that the French regulars and Gardes Mobiles were to be kept within the limits of Paris as prisoners of war; that the Gardes Nationales should undertake to keep order, the German forces occupying all the forts, and Paris remaining invested, but with the privilege of revictualing as soon as arms are surrendered. The National Assembly is to be summoned, and will meet at Bordeaux or Tours. The armistice extends to operations at sea as well as on land. The German forces occupied the forts around Paris at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. The announcement was read in the churches in Berlin on Sunday, and the rejoicing was intense.

The terms of peace were not discussed between Favre and Bismarck, the capitulation of the city being received as a military act only; but it is understood that Bismarck will insist upon the following: 1st, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine; 2d, the cession of one French colony, name not mentioned; 3d, twenty war ships from the French fleet; 4th, France to pay a war indemnity of four thousand millions of francs.

Heavy guns will be at once moved into the captured forts, and the *enceinte* guns dismounted. The condition of Paris is said to be terrible, all the political clubs being armed, and the mob desperate and excited enough for any thing. Nothing but the most energetic measures on the part of the military authorities can preserve the city from the most frightful excesses. Twelve thousand of the National Guard will remain under arms to preserve order.

On the 22d of January the Germans suffered a small defeat hear Dijon at the hands of the Garibaldians.

On the 26th of January the fortress of Longwy, on the Belgian frontier, surrendered to the Germans, after a long and severe siege. By this surrender 4000 prisoners of war and 200 guns fell into the hands of the victors.

The fortress of Belfort and the army commanded by General Bourbaki were not included in the armistice. According to latest accounts, Bourbaki is completely cut off from retreat by the Lyons Railway, and his rear is occupied by the Germans. After his failure to raise the siege of Belfort this unfortunate commander attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself through the head.

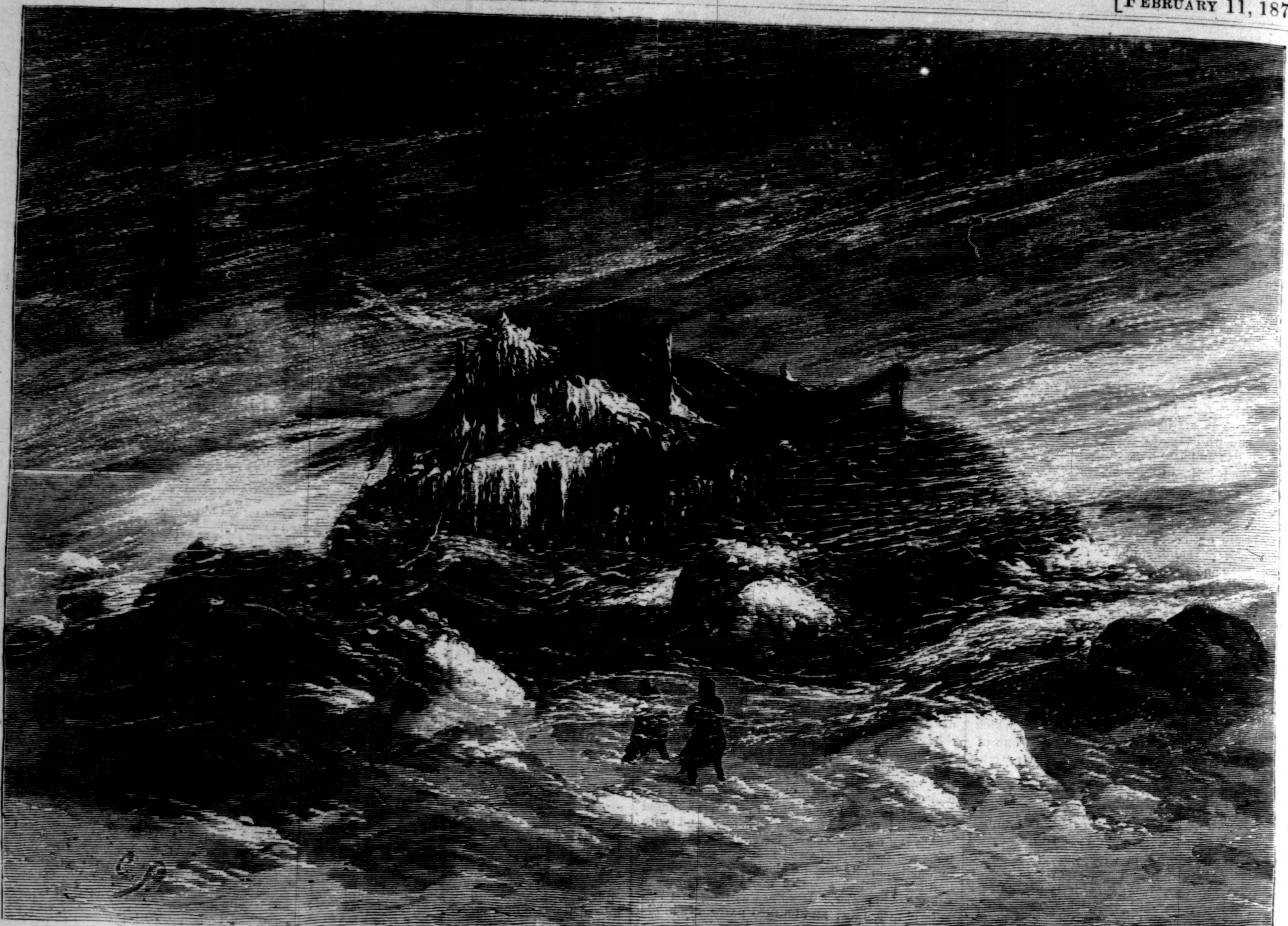
Count Bismarck has been appointed Chancellor of the German Empire.

The bill to remove the capital of Italy to Rome has been passed by the Italian Senate, by a vote of 94 to 39. The removal will take place on the 30th of June, and Baron Haussmann is negotiating with reference to a reconstruction of the future capital. The Senate also ratifies the guarantee of the Pope's independence.

Père Hyacinthe, in a letter to *La Liberté*, denies the validity of the Pope's encyclical, and denounces his pretensions generally.

The marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise is to take place on the 21st of March.

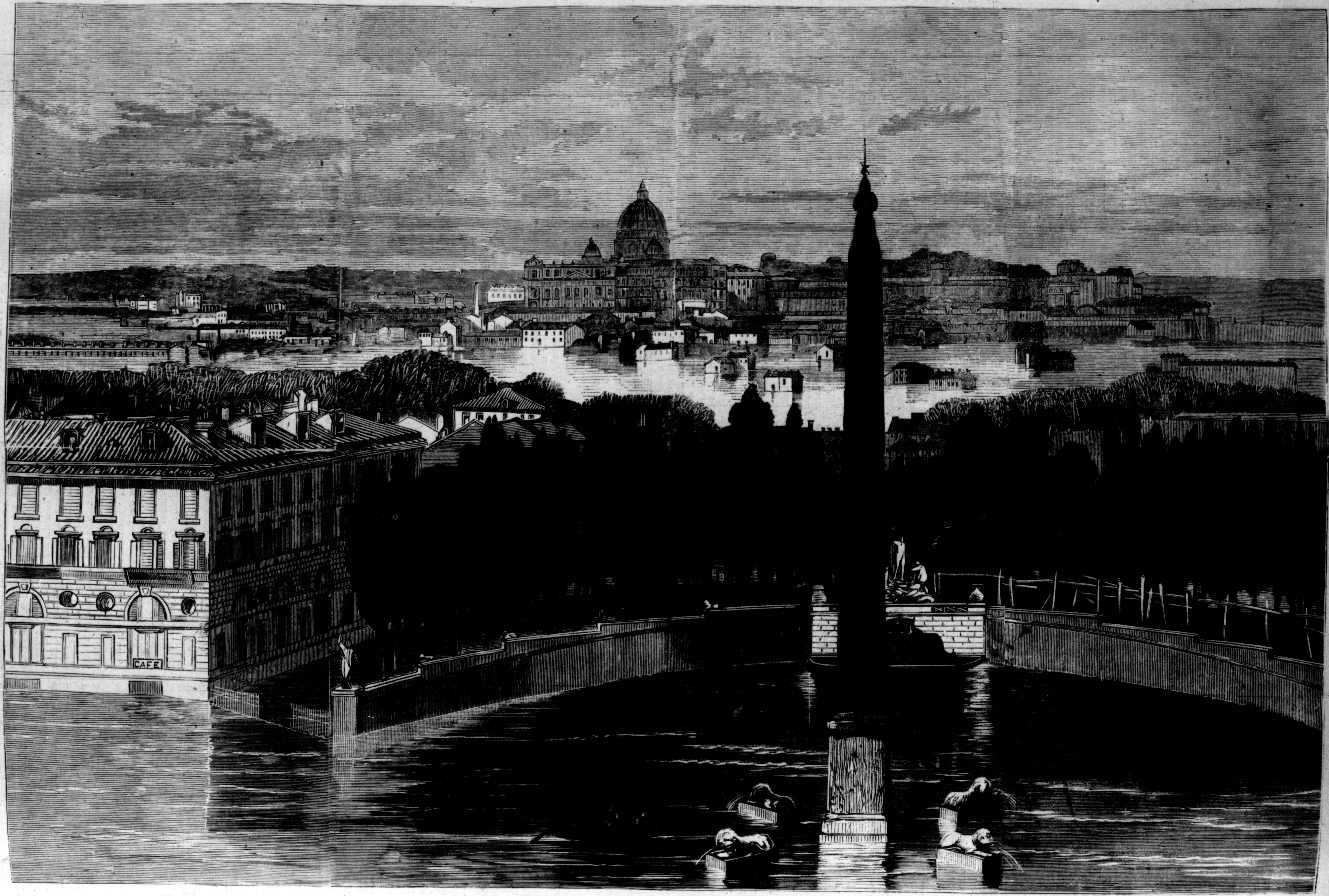
Sir Roderick Murchison has received a letter from Africa giving positive assurance of the safety of Dr. Livingstone.



TIP-TOP HOUSE, SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON, DURING THE RECENT STORM.—[SEE PAGE 131.]

BUTTER
CAKES
PIES

ALONG THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 134.]



THE RECENT FLOOD IN ROME.—[See Page 134.]

MY IDOL.

All for the sake of a false, sweet word,
By the light of a smile repaid,
I decked my idol in beautiful guise,
And knelt at the shrine I had made.

The old beliefs, the world's set laws,
I broke them one by one,
And turned to my false god's smile, to praise
The ruin I had done.

Yet half in love, despairing half,
To the altar steps I clung:
Who else but I knew what costly freight
To our frail cable hung?

But the clasping hands grew tired out—
The jar, the chill, the strain,
No love could smooth—no faith could mend—
The last strand snapped in twain:

Free, free, and oh, so lonely!
By the empty shrine I stand,
And pity my own unglamoured sight,
And pity my bleeding hand.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RESCUE.

The light-house was like all light-houses on land, which, lacking the romance of those exposed to the rage of the waves, are mere embodiments of science. The path that led to it was so straight and smooth, and the erection itself so out of proportion with the other objects in the landscape, that the whole resembled one of those cheap valentines where perspective is sacrificed to sentiment, with Horn and Mabel, who walked in advance, for the couple in the fore-ground who are going to be married at the white church—all steeple. The small cultivated plot about it was as spick-and-span as a German toy-garden; the tower was so white and shining that it seemed strange it should cast a shadow; and all within was so preposterously clean that you might, as Mrs. Marshall observed, "have eaten your dinner off the floors," if the smell of oil, which was every where, had permitted you to feel an appetite. To be unco clean is almost as bad as to be unco guid; and the immaculate spotlessness of a light-house has something, perhaps, of the nature of prudery about it, which suggests a lack of the very virtue it affects—at all events, it is exceedingly uncomfortable.

The light-keeper, in his slippers, led the way up the winding stair, complaining, as usual, as he went, of all that were in authority over him. "It's but poor pay," said he, "as I gets, considering; and when one goes at the knees, it's precious hard work, I can tell you, gentlemen all."

"What makes you go at the knees?" inquired the Professor, whose motto might well have been *Nihil humanum*. "These stairs?"

"Ay, Sir, these steps; there are a many more of them in the summer months, you see, than at other times."

"That is very remarkable," said the Professor, stopping for breath as much as to investigate this problem. "One has heard of 'getting a step,'" murmured he; "but I did not know steps increased by spontaneous generation."

"Well, Sir, it's the visitors as drag one up and down so; that's what I mean. In winter-time, one never sees a soul."

The "lantern" was almost as hot, in that sultry afternoon, as though the lamps were lit, and, when its coverings were removed, shone almost as brightly in the sun. The party who surveyed it from its little grated gallery were half grilled; Mrs. Marshall privately informed Mrs. Pennant that she was "melting away," and Mrs. Pennant informed Mrs. Marshall that she was "ready to drop;" but still the Professor, "with his glittering eye," held the unhappy light-keeper in talk upon the relative merits of the catoptric and dioptric systems, of which (though they professed an interest in them) the other three gentlemen had not so much as heard. There seemed no end to this engrossing subject, had not Mabel interfered with a gentle reminder that the tide was rising, and Anemone Bay yet remained to be explored. "And remember you did promise me, Mr. Flint."

This hint was at once acted upon, and the party trooped down again, nothing loth to exchange the atmosphere of science for that of nature. They did not, however, all make for the bay. Mrs. Pennant felt unequal to the expedition—"a little overdone"—it was no wonder, said her husband, exposed as she had lately been to that fiery furnace—and would sit about with dearest Frederick on the shore. Mrs. Marshall, on the other hand, always revived by the prospect of any thing new, as by a cordial dram, was eager for the anemones, though she made a pretense of sacrificing herself in order to chaperon Mabel.

"That is quite unnecessary, Miss May, since you have got me," whispered the Professor to his fair charge; "for one old woman is as good as another." The fact was, he felt rapidly falling in love with this young lady, and endeavored to cure his madness by exhibiting his own folly in its most vivid colors.

By virtue of his appointment as scientific marine instructor to the expedition, he had tucked her under his own arm, in defiance of the scowling Horn, and led the way with her across the cliffs. It was more than a mile, as the crow flies, to the spot for which they were bound; but two little bays stretched their long bowed arms, like crabs, on the coast-line, and trebled the distance by that route. Not a living thing was to be seen except gulls and rooks, which pastured peacefully together in the fields, just as Surplice and Black-gown meet in harmony over the well-spread board. In the second bay, however, and under the further arm of it, sat a young fellow under the shadow of a coble, or small fishing-boat, smoking his pipe and reading a book. His red shirt, for he wore neither coat nor waistcoat, gave him a picturesque and striking appearance.

"That is how our fishermen work," observed Mr. Winthrop, rather acidly, for he did not relish being once more the cavalier of Mrs. Marshall: "he is waiting there for the tide to come up to him, which will happen in about four hours."

"He'll have to wait longer than that, for it has scarcely turned," said Horn.

"You are wrong there," remarked the Professor; "it was low-water an hour ago."

"Not a bit of it," returned the other, rudely. "Why, the rocks are bare for half a mile out. But we'll soon settle that question.—Hi! you fellow!"—he raised his voice to an unnecessarily high pitch—"is the tide going out or coming in?"

The young man looked up, showing a very handsome sun-burnt face, with short curling brown hair, and then resumed his book and his pipe.

"Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Horn; "he *must* have heard me. Why don't he answer?"

"Perhaps for the very reason that he did hear you," remarked the Professor. "Even poor folks don't like to be spoken to like dogs; and I fancy that this man is a gentleman."

"What! in a red shirt?" cried Horn, contemptuously. "That's just because you see him with a book in his hand."

"Gad! I think that shows he belongs to the lower classes," laughed Mr. Winthrop, whom the opportunity for being cynical would have tempted to chartism itself.

They had now drawn quite close to the stranger, to whom the Professor repeated, though in very different tones, the inquiry which Horn had already made. The young man jumped up, removing his hat for an instant, in courtesy to Mabel.

"The tide has turned an hour ago," said he, "and is coming in very fast."

"We shall have time to explore the bay, however, shall we not?" inquired Mabel, even more winningly than usual, as though she would have compensated by her tone to this young fellow for the rudeness of which one of her companions had been guilty.

"You have plenty of time, madam; it is a spring-tide, and the sea has gone out a great way." He spoke in musical clear tones, and returned her bow with grace as the party moved away.

"You are quite right, Professor," said Mabel; "he is a gentleman."

"Of course he is. And did you ever see such a handsome young fellow?—how strong and well built too! It makes an old battered hulk like me quite savage to see, setting out on life's voyage, so noble a craft—"

"What! the coble?" ejaculated Horn, who had come up in time to hear only the last few words. "Well, much you must know about a boat, Mr. Flint! Why, two men could take that thing up and carry her any where; while the weight of half a dozen would sink her like a stone. You should see the new yacht I've bought for the lake at Wapshot; and so should you, Miss Mabel; I hope you will some day. I'll—"

"We will go down to the water's edge at once, Miss Denham," interposed the Professor, curtly, and with a pointed stress on his fair companion's name; "the most curious things are always to be found far out. The tide has begun to make its way up the side channels, and you will have to pick your way."

Anemone Bay lay now immediately before them, and afforded a curious spectacle. Acres and acres of sea-garden stretched on all sides, studded with beautiful rockeries of nature's own handiwork, and interspersed with shining streams. As they advanced new beauties every where disclosed themselves. Here were little plots of silver sand, studded with milk-white pebbles or delicate shells of every hue; there, prodigious plants concealed, with their brown hanging leaves, the rocks on which they grew; and here, again, delicate sea-weeds, pink and white, showed through the clear, calm pools, as temptingly as ever did flowers in garden-plot. In rocky ponds, in place of gold-fish, and infinitely more beautiful, the rainbow-colored anemones disclosed their gorgeous hues and exquisite fringes.

"I could stay here all day!" cried Mabel, clapping her hands in girlish glee. "I am sure we shall not have half time enough. You'll persuade Frederick to bring me another time, won't you, Professor? How I do wish he and Ju were here!"

"I dare say they are tolerably happy in each other's company," said the Professor, grimly. He had been explaining every thing in the most scientific and satisfactory manner, and had hoped she was too wrapped up in his *al fresco* lecture to desire any disturbing influences. "Let us make our way for that great rock yonder, where we shall be out of all this wet."

Accordingly, across tracts of green weed, already beginning to sway gently in the oozing wave, and swift little rivulets, and table-lands of softening sand, they reached the foot of the rock in question. In front of it was a deep hollow, where a shallow stream was running, over which, with her companion's help, May lightly jumped; then they clambered together up the rock, and the rest of the party followed them. The elevation which they had thus secured was a sort of rocky plateau of very considerable extent, which shelved seaward, but was still of sufficient height to make them secure even from the spray of the advancing waves. On this seaward shelf the gentlemen dispersed themselves, each looking for something more curious than common, in order that he might present it to Mabel; while the two ladies sat down—the elder because she was fatigued, and the younger to keep her company. The ridge of rocks rose so high behind them that it shut out the view of the land—a circumstance which no one took note of; the sea, and what the sea had left, being for the present the sole objects of interest. The sun shone brightly upon the face of the deep, causing that "countless smile," which has been the delight of human eyes even in ages when the beauty of nature had little charm for them, and the soft, warm air came from its gently heaving bosom like the breath of an infant. The wash of the wave, as it swept up higher and higher, itself wooed to slumber; and Mrs. Marshall had hardly announced her intention of "just taking forty winks, my dear," before she was fast asleep.

The dragon thus disposed of, the attentions of Mabel's admirers redoubled. Mr. Flint brought her "specimens" of all sorts of marine wonders, and explained the peculiarities of each, for which her eyes gave him thanks more precious than any payment professor could receive from pupil. His knowledge enabled him to select them in an ascending scale of beauty. First, the *Actinia mesembryanthemum*, then the *Actinia crassicornis*, and last, the *Actinia dianthus*, most beautiful of its (doubtful) sex, and only to be found in deep water, excepting Anemone Bay. There was therefore no bathos in his little offerings, which, with the other two gentlemen, happened often enough, as Mabel's observations convinced them. She thanked them, but had seen "plenty of these" already, or "much better ones than those;" for, finding herself so exceedingly made much of, she had insensibly adopted a sultana-like air and manner, which drove her slaves to frenzy. Mr. Horn having tendered her rather an ordinary mollusk, she observed, since it was not beautiful, she hoped it was good to eat; whereupon that dull but intrepid youth, taking the observation as a command, immediately opened it and swallowed the contents. Mr. Winthrop brought her one of the most hideous objects that the sea-shore produces, and inquired, cynically, who could doubt that it was not made by chance, in hopes to provoke her smile. Each, in short, did his best to recommend himself, in his own fashion, to Mabel's regard, and all was love and laughter and playful toil, when a circumstance occurred which was destined to turn every heart from mirth to horror.

They had not been twenty minutes on the rock, when, in pursuit of science, in the shape of a gigantic crab that had escaped from one of the upper pools, Mr. Flint chanced to climb over the ridge and cast his eyes to landward; as he did so his jaw fell, and his face blanched as though Death had stricken him, instead of only menacing him, as it really had done. In those few minutes the rock had become an island, separated by a great waste of water from the shore. Nor was this the worst: a stream ran in the deep channel which they had so lately crossed with a rapidity that it was plain only a strong swimmer could have contended with, and against which, even if the sandy bottom had afforded firmer footing, it was certainly impossible to stand.

"It is I that have murdered her!" were the first words that the old man uttered, striking his forehead, with an exceeding bitter cry.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, hearing his exclamation without catching the words. "Found a mermaid, Mr. Flint? Or what is it?"

"Death!" said the Professor, solemnly, seizing him by the arm and pointing to the hurrying stream. "Hush! Not one word to the ladies until it is absolutely necessary. Let us think what can be done."

"Great Heaven! I am but a poor swimmer," exclaimed Mr. Winthrop.

"And if it were otherwise," said the old man, sadly, "you could never support another with you over yonder mill-race." The one man was only thinking of himself; the other was so concerned about a third person that he did not credit his companion with being less so.

"Are there no boats in sight?" inquired Mr. Winthrop, anxiously.

"None, except those distant sails. We must make what signals we can to draw their attention. As to those ashore, they can not be put out, on account of the low water; and if they could, they would arrive too late. The tide is coming in with frightful speed."

"Will this rock be quite covered, think you?"

The Professor smiled from habit; ignorance has always to the learned man some touch of humor. "How can you ask? Look there." He pointed to the plateau on which they were standing, which was studded with mussels and limpets. "These are covered by every tide."

"And the lad told us that this was a spring-tide," said Mr. Winthrop, gloomily.

"The lad with the coble!" cried Mr. Flint, a gleam of joy lighting up his mournful face. "That is well thought of. We must call out together, and he may chance to hear us. The wind, thank God, sets in his direction: unfortunately that involves telling the ladies. What a task it will be!" He turned round as he spoke; and, indeed, it was a pitiful sight that presented itself. Horn had brought Mabel some new prize, which her blue eyes were regarding with amused interest. Her hair, loosened by the freshening wind, had escaped from its bands, and was flowing about her in shining strands; her laugh rang through the sunny air: she looked the very impersonation of innocence and joy.

"Call your son," said the Professor, huskily; "I must break it to her alone."

Mr. Winthrop obeyed him; and Horn loitered slowly toward them, here picking up a shell, and there a weed. "What is it?" inquired he, sulkily. "I dare say you have found nothing particular; the best things are all on the other side of— The devil!"

A gesture from Mr. Winthrop drew his attention to the state of affairs, and he comprehended it at a glance. "I think I can swim that," muttered he, glancing at the now swirling current; "but it will be tight work."

"Could you save others besides yourself?" whispered Mr. Flint, pointing significantly toward the ladies.

"I think not; but I will try to save the young one. Here goes;" and he stripped off his coat in an instant, and began to unlace his boots.

"Be quiet, Sir; there is no hurry," said the Professor, sternly. "Put your coat on this stick, and signal with it here as well as you can."

Mr. Winthrop was silent; but he looked wan and pale. Was it the prospect of death that had given him death's color, or the bitter reflection that his son's first thought had been to save the girl, not him? The three men were all serious enough, each after his own fashion. A few yards away Mabel and Mrs. Marshall were laughing together. The latter had been awakened by a rude wave, which, rising higher than its fellows, had cast its spray in her face.

"My dear Professor," cried she, as the old man drew near, "just see what has happened! My best bonnet-strings are quite spoiled. I believe nothing takes out sea-water stains. Even that excellent friend of mine, the chemist at Leamington, has nothing, he says, which he can conscientiously recommend to do that. Surely the tide must be rising."

"Alas! it has risen, madam," was the solemn rejoinder. "Miss Mabel, Mrs. Marshall, I have the saddest news to tell you—we are surrounded by the tide."

The ladies started to their feet.

"Let us get home at once," cried Mrs. Marshall. "I don't much like getting wet, because of my rheumatism. Perhaps you gentlemen might manage to carry me king-coach."

"It is not a question of getting wet," said the Professor, keeping his eyes earnestly fixed on Mabel, who remained silent; "it is a matter of life and death; and I alone am to blame for our condition."

"You are not to blame," said the young girl, resolutely. "Whatever happens, Mr. Flint, do not reproach yourself with that. Can nothing be done?"

By this time they had climbed the ridge, from whence the condition of affairs was plainly to be seen.

"We are in the hands of God," answered Mr. Flint, "and He alone knows what will happen! Our only plan is to cry out together, in hopes to attract attention from the shore."

The little party were now all collected in one spot—the highest point of the rock. The gentlemen waved their hats and coats upon sticks or in their hands; the ladies tied their handkerchiefs to their parasols. Then the Professor gave the time—"One, two, three;" and all cried "Help!" simultaneously, just as though they had been cheering, but with a sound strangely different, that cut the summer air with its sharp sorrow, and seemed to fill the very sky with plaintive woe. By Mr. Flint's advice they paused at intervals, since the cry was rendered thereby more marked, just as a revolving light is more distinctly seen far out at sea than one that is stationary. He explained this quite calmly in his characteristic fashion; and informed Mabel how their hopes were centred in the youth whom they had seen reading in the neighboring bay. "I feel sure he is there still," said he, smiling; "for the book he had with him was 'Les Misérables,' which no man could lay down in a hurry."

May could only smile faintly. Her thoughts were prayers.

"Don't you be afraid, my dear," said good-natured Mrs. Marshall, clasping her waist. "We shall all get to land yet, please God."

"I am not afraid," said Mabel, quietly, "though it seems hard to die.—How long will it be, Mr. Flint, suppose no help should come, before—before the waves wash over the rock?"

"We have at least an hour, my dear girl; perhaps two."

"But does not every minute make matters worse, even for those who can swim?" asked Mabel.—"Mrs. Marshall, we should surely insist upon these gentlemen saving themselves while they may."

"They may do as they like, my dear, of course," was the sharp rejoinder. "In my time it would have been considered bad manners; that's all I know."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mabel, excitedly, "I entreat you to leave us, and look to your own safety. It was my wish that brought you all to this place. Do not let my last moments be imbittered by the thought that you have lost your lives, twice over, through my means."

"My dear Miss Denham," answered Mr. Winthrop, taking off his hat with his usual care to hide his baldness, "the time has gone by for saving myself, even if I could have done so consistently with my sense of honor. We are, metaphorically speaking, in the same boat, which" (here he showed his teeth in a ghastly manner) "I wish to Heaven we literally were."

Here all cried "Help!" again, and strained their eyes shoreward.

"Miss Denham," whispered a hoarse voice close beside her, "I have a word to say to you. Keep your eyes fixed on yonder sail while I do so, that we may not be observed. I am a strong swimmer, and could gain the shore in half an hour or less by myself. It is for your sake alone that I do not do so. I mean to try to take you with me."

"I thank you," said Mabel, turning paler than she had hitherto done; "but that is impossible."

"It is not impossible, though it will be very difficult. If I succeed, you will not, I am sure, forget the service; and that will be payment enough for me."

"Mr. Horn Winthrop, you mistake," said Mabel, shrinking from the dusky face which, aglow with passion, had approached so nearly to her own. "When I said impossible, I was not referring to the difficulty of the adventure. I am quite resolved to take my chance with Mrs. Marshall and the rest."

"You must be mad, girl," continued he, in a tone of suppressed rage.

"Mad or not, I am decided upon that point," was May's steady reply. She felt no gratitude for this young man's apparently sublime offer. It was evident to her that there was a future condition annexed to it which she would have died rather than have accepted.

"You will think differently when death draws nearer," answered he, almost with menace; then resumed his place by his father's side.

"What a brave girl you are, Miss Mabel!" observed the Professor, gazing upon the quiet face, which, flushed for a moment by the young man's words, had already resumed its calm: "you set an example to us all."

"I do not fear death," returned she, slowly—"at least not yet;" here her eyes fell on an eddying wave, and she shuddered slightly. "But it makes me sad to think of dear papa. He will be very lonely. As for being brave, I should be ashamed to be otherwise, when I look at you and Mrs. Marshall."

That lady, indeed, was thoroughly vindicating her right to the title of "general;" neither sigh nor tear had escaped her. She had taken on herself the Professor's task of giving the time to their united cry for aid, upon the ground that she had a superior ear for it, and her voice had never failed nor faltered. She had her follies, but a futile shrinking from the Inevitable was certainly not one of them. Moreover, while there was a shadow of a hope, she clung to it, and endeavored by constant talk to prevent stagnation and depression taking possession of the little party, which, in case of there being any need for action, it was most necessary to do; and in this she was well seconded by the Professor. The latter pronounced her to be a "wholesome woman," and expressed his regret that she had had no issue male, since they would have been likely to do the country credit. Even Mr. Horn Winthrop, who disliked her in common with all elderly ladies, acknowledged that she was "a good-plucked one."

"Mrs. Marshall is behaving like a heroine," assented Mr. Flint, smiling, "which is nothing less, however, than we had expected of her. But you, dear Miss Mabel, are young, and have the best years of life before you; while to us old stagers, to whom at most a few miles more of toilsome road are left, marked by the grave-stones of our contemporaries, life is not so precious."

"You answer for yourself, Mr. Flint," was Mrs. Marshall's sharp rejoinder; "for my part, I hope to see a good many miles yet.—Look yonder; there's young Red-shirt. Hollo, boys! hollo!"

Upon the low ridge of land that separated Anemone Bay from its neighbor cove was now seen standing the young fellow of whom, less than two hours ago, they had asked the question about the tide. He was gazing directly toward them, his eyes shaded from the still powerful rays with his hand; and while they once more shouted and signaled, he waved his hat, in token that he understood their strait, and was out of sight like a deer.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Mrs. Marshall, fervently; "he is gone for the coble. We shall see it round the promontory in no time."

Mr. Flint was silent, for he recognized the obstacles that must needs present themselves to their would-be deliverer. The sea withdrew itself even to a greater distance in the neighbor bay than in that in which they were, and it would be impossible for any one man to force even so comparatively small a boat as the coble over the rocks and weeds; while to go to the light-house now for help would be to consign them to death. The sea was rolling in apace, and had already laid its foam at their feet, as though in gage of battle—a battle that could have but one issue. Mabel gathered from the Professor's face that the confidence expressed by Mrs. Marshall, and shared by the rest of the party, was premature; but she forbore to question him as to the cause. He had taken her hand, and was holding it tenderly in his own, as a father might have held his child's, when she suddenly felt his fingers tighten. "Brave boy! brave boy!" cried he.

Following the direction of his eager eyes, she saw a dark object moving slowly over the lowest portion of the tongue of land. "What is that?" cried she.

"It is the boat, which that good lad is pushing before him. He must have the strength of Hercules. That is the very feat which Bruce performed in Scotland, and Garibaldi in South America—the taking one's ships over dry land."

Here a joyful cry burst from the lips of the rest of the little party, who for the first time perceived what was happening: they had been looking for succor from the sea, and not from the land.

"Bravo, Red-shirt!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, as the coble came down to the shore with the velocity of a sledge on ice. "For strength and speed, that young gentleman might be a red-*skin*."

"He is a noble fellow, and has done his best," said the Professor, gravely. "May Heaven reward him for it!"

His tone was so very serious that Mr. Winthrop began to rally him. "Come, Mr. Flint," said he, "you will make another visit to Winthrop Cavern yet. We shall all pack into that boat somehow."

"It has first, alas! to reach us," was the sober reply.

As if in illustration of his remark, the course of the coble came at that very moment abruptly to a close. Urged by Red-shirt's strength and skill, it had plowed the turf and the land with comparative ease; but no sooner was it among the rocks and tangle of the shore than it stuck fast, exactly as the Professor had foreseen. Had half a dozen men been behind it, it would have done the same. The water, which was now so deep about their little island, had not yet sent one herald wave to the spot where the boat remained immovable; and long before it could be set afloat it was evident that their fate would be sealed.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, for the first time bursting into tears. Mr. Winthrop stood haggard and silent. The Professor gazed with tender pity upon the unconscious Mabel, whose eyes were raised to heaven. Horn Winthrop kicked off his boots, and drew nearer to her side.

At this supreme moment of despair, when some special interposition of Providence seemed necessary for their deliverance, a strange spectacle suddenly presented itself. Red-shirt had disappeared, but the coble began slowly to advance toward them, bottom upward. Hercules had become Atlas, and was carrying, not the world, indeed, but their only hope of rejoining the world, upon his shoulders. He staggered under the enormous burden, but he staggered *on*. Past rock after rock he came; through the dry weed and the wet, with slow uncertain footing; through the slush of the sand and the sump of the shallow, until he found water enough to float the coble. Then he put it down, took out the little sculls, which he had made fast within it, embarked, and rowed with rapid strokes toward the rock, which was now almost completely covered by the hungry tide. It was a deed which taxed good-will to the very uttermost, and his heated toil-worn face and laboring breath evinced how muscle and lungs had worked to effect it.

"God bless you, Sir!" said the Professor, earnestly, as their deliverer came within hail.

"If I were a pretty girl, I would give you a kiss, young man," exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, energetically. "But as it is, perhaps you had rather not.—Good gracious! are we all to get into that cockle-shell?"

"Let the ladies be put ashore first," suggested Mr. Flint; "then come back for us."

"This current will take us out too far for that," was the reply. "You would be dead men by then."

"You look very much exhausted, Sir," said Mabel, shyly, but with grateful tenderness. "Had you not better depute the oars to one of these other gentlemen?"

Horn, in his shirt-sleeves, stepped forward at once to volunteer his services.

The young fellow took no notice of his offer, but, looking at Mabel with earnest but respectful gaze, replied, "What I have done, madam, I have done with all my heart; I trust you will permit my own hands to complete the service that they have begun." He held out one of them as he spoke to assist her into the coble.

"We all owe our lives to you, Sir," said she, fervently, as she grasped his fingers in her own.

"I don't owe mine, for one," observed Horn, "for I could have swum ashore."

The dogged defiance of the tone of the speaker was even more offensive than his words. He stood, with his folded arms, surveying the embarkation of his companions with a contemptuous smile, while all kept silence, shocked, perhaps, by the callousness of his speech as much as by its ungraciousness.

"You may sink or swim for all I care," observed the young oarsman, coolly, as he prepared to push from the rock, which was now submerged even to its summit. "The coble will do all the better for having one the less."

"Horn!" cried Mr. Winthrop, suddenly, "are you mad or drunk? Get into the boat this moment, Sir; I insist upon it."

"That fellow says there's enough in her already, and I can swim," was the sullen reply.

"Speak to him, Miss Mabel," whispered Mrs. Marshall, earnestly, "or we shall have the blood of this obstinate lad upon our heads."

"We are being delayed, Mr. Horn Winthrop, upon your account," observed Mabel, thus appealed to, "and every moment is precious to us."

Without waiting for his reply, which some instinct seemed to tell him would be an assent, the oarsman, who had actually pushed off, once more brought the coble beside the rock.

"Step in there, and sit quiet!" said he, sternly, indicating a space which was still vacant in the bows of the boat with a motion of his head.

There was a moment of indecision, and then, in silence, but with knitted brow and angry eyes, Horn Winthrop took his place. This increase of freight brought the gunwale of the little craft down to the very water's edge. It was with difficulty that, once in the swirl of the current, it could be kept from whirling round, or being dashed against the unseen rocks; but the strength and skill of man conquered the white malice of the sea, and, after a long struggle, brought the coble and its passengers, not, indeed, to shore, but within such a distance of it that they could disembark and wade thither without danger. When they had done so, and all save one looked round to thank their deliverer, they found he had departed; the boat with its oarsman was already some distance out to sea. They cried out with one accord, and beckoned to him that he should return, but there was no reply of voice or gesture.

Mabel took out her handkerchief and waved it in the air. The coble stopped; its occupant took off his blue cap with the same courtesy that he had used two hours before, and then resumed his way.

"This is not to be endured," said the Professor, excitedly. "Why, we don't even know the name of this young fellow who has saved all our lives."

"But I *do*," said Mrs. Marshall, impressively, "and all about him. At present, however, I need all my breath to get me to the light-house, where I must take off this wet petticoat, or I shall catch my death of cold."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MARSHALL TELLS "ALL ABOUT HIM."

As the party approached the light-house they met Mr. and Mrs. Pennant, smiling complacently, and evidently reconciled, and in their bride and bridegroom trim again.

"Why, what has kept you good folks so long?" cried Fred. "We thought you had deserted us altogether. You should not leave a poor fellow with nobody but his wife to keep him company." Here he slyly compressed the plump arm that was linked within his own, as much as to say that for his part he had been more than content, and considered their return as an impertinent interruption.

"We are glad enough to get back at all," said the Professor, gravely. "Through my insane folly in not remembering that a spring-tide comes in quicker than a neap, we had almost all been drowned."

"Good Heavens! you don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Winthrop, showing his white teeth; "we have only just escaped having the starch taken out of our shirt-collars."

It was evident enough that the dresses of the two ladies had not been so fortunate, for the sea-water dripped from them as they moved; and after the interchange of a few words of explanation and sympathy, Mrs. Pennant hurried off with Mabel and Mrs. Marshall to the light-house.

"But how the deuce did it all happen?" inquired Frederick, moved to mirth by the bedraggled appearance of his friends, and unable to picture the past danger.

"You would not have thought it a laughing matter if you had been with us," growled Horn Winthrop. "I didn't like it myself, let me tell you, though I will swim against any man for what he likes."

"Yes," observed the Professor, acidly; "this was the only Newfoundland we had with us, and even he could only have saved himself. We have been cut off by the sea, and only been saved by the extraordinary exertions of a young gentleman, who has gone away without waiting to be thanked. That we have brought Miss Mabel back to her sister, Pennant," added he, in a lower tone, "is, in fact, scarce less than a miracle."

"Then I must find the man that worked it, and thank him with my own lips," said Frederick, earnestly. "If any thing had happened to May, it would have broken Ju's heart, and, indeed, mine also. The dear child must have been terribly frightened."

"She showed herself a brave, good woman, Pennant," said the Professor, huskily; "as, in fact, did Mrs. Marshall also. I believe we all behaved ourselves pretty well," added he, sinking his voice to a whisper, "except that odious animal who swims. I called him a Newfoundland, but he showed his teeth like a walrus, even to our deliverer."

"I knew he was a beast, but I didn't know he was amphibious," was the dry rejoinder. "Hollo! who's your friend in the red shirt?"

The late occupant of the coble here made his appearance on the cliff-top, and the Professor at once started off to join him.

"One moment!" interposed Mr. Winthrop, taking out his card-case and pencil. "Be so good as to give him my card. I am sure we are greatly indebted to him. I daren't wait to tell him so, because I am so wet; but please to offer him our best acknowledgments."

"Not mine," said Horn, gruffly.

"I have placed your name along with mine, Sir," observed Mr. Winthrop, with dignity, "and I shall certainly not erase it. You might feel some gratitude, I should have thought, upon your father's account, if not upon your own." Thus speaking, Mr. Winthrop pushed hastily toward the light-house; while his son, who had been selecting a cigar from his case with studied care during this "jobation," strolled slowly in the same direction.

Mr. Flint and Frederick bent their steps toward the cliff-top, where, in obedience to a signal made by the former, the young stranger stood awaiting them.

"I think Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot," observed the Professor, looking with some disgust at the address-card which had been confided to him, "might have expressed his thanks in person. The idea of his sending his card to a man who has saved his life! I am sure, my dear Pennant, although you have not personally shared our danger, that *you* feel very differently toward this young fellow."

"I hope so, indeed," was the carelessly good-natured rejoinder. "If he's at all presentable I shall most certainly ask him to dinner."

But if Mr. Frederick thus regarded the late romantic incident with characteristic coolness, and the majority of the other gentlemen with philosophic calm, such was by no means the case with the ladies. Mrs. Pennant was never tired of listening and asking questions concerning it; nor Mrs. Marshall of narrating and replying; while May, though unusually silent, took an absorbing interest in all that was said. It was not, however, till they were all three in the little parlor of the light-house that Mrs. Marshall could be induced to divulge her secret respecting the hero of the day. Such a priceless piece of information was not to be lightly spoken on a windy down, where precious words would be wasted, and the attention of her audience likely to be distracted; she kept it for indoors, as the smoker keeps his most delicate and rare tobacco. News and scandal were this excellent lady's stock in trade; she was not so imprudent as to waste or dispose of it at a disadvantage. She waited for her opportunity, as a diner-out for the seasonable introduction of his good story, and then, and then only, let the tortoise-shell Tom out of the bag. Imagine, then (if you can do so with propriety), this admirable lady and the fair Mabel drying their petticoats at the fire which the light-house woman has lit in the parlor for that purpose, and Mrs. Pennant sitting on the pollard sofa, all ear.

"My dears," said Mrs. Marshall, impressively, "I'll tell you all about it. This young gentleman lives, or did live, in Cavendish Square (though where I have met him was at Brobignag Mansion, Brighton), and the name he goes by is Thornton."

"The name he goes by!" echoed Mrs. Pennant. "Why doesn't he go by his own name?"

"I thought you'd say that, my dear," continued Mrs. Marshall, with quiet triumph; "I had made up my mind you would ask that question. But the fact is, Mr. Richard Thornton has got no name of his own to go by. He never had father or mother—that is to say, I mean they were people of no consequence; and when they died and left him a small orphan, they left him nothing else. He might have gone to the work-house if it had not been for Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, very rich West India people—you *must* have heard of 'Pickles Thornton'—who, being childless, adopted him, and brought him up as their own son."

"Why, dear me, this is quite a romance," cried Mrs. Pennant, sitting more upright than ever.

"Well, I don't know as to that, my dear; there was a good deal of commonplace and vulgarity mixed up in the affair, I'm afraid. Pickles is not all benevolence, far from it; and Mrs. Pickles is all whim. So long as the child was too small to have a will of his own, all seems to have gone well enough; but as he grew up, their affection for him waned. On the face of the affair, one would, of course, deplore the ingratitude of the lad toward his benefactors; but there are at least two sides to the story. My own conviction is that Mrs. Thornton always disliked the child—looked upon the poor little innocent as a reproach to her, because she had no family; and that if it had not been for her husband, she would have disposed of 'Dicky,' as coolly as though he had been a mute canary, the purchase of which she had repented of; but, at all events, there came a time when she positively got to hate him. When Richard was about fifteen a curious circumstance took place, which sent the poor boy's market value down to zero. Mrs. Thornton gave birth to a son and heir. Just fancy, my dear" (here Mrs. Marshall turned to Mrs. Pennant with a glance of matronly meaning), "only imagine, after five-and-twenty years! There were lots of wicked stories, of course" (here she winked behind the unconscious Mabel, as much as to say, "I'll tell you them presently, when this innocent young person is out of the way"); "but there was the child, and, as you may imagine, he put Master Richard's nose out of joint pretty completely. Mrs. Thornton behaved disgracefully in the matter, and would have had the poor lad turned out of house and home with scarcely any provision at all; and though Pickles stood by him like a man at first, in the end, and for peace and quietness sake, he gave way so far that Richard was put to earn his own living. I have heard that this poor lad, from having been accustomed to look upon himself as the heir to eight thousand a year, is now articled to a solicitor, and has to live on some very small allowance; but, rich or poor, he is a brave young gentleman, that's certain."

"Yes, indeed," assented Mrs. Pennant; "and I sincerely hope Frederick will find him out, and acknowledge the debt we owe him on your account, May."

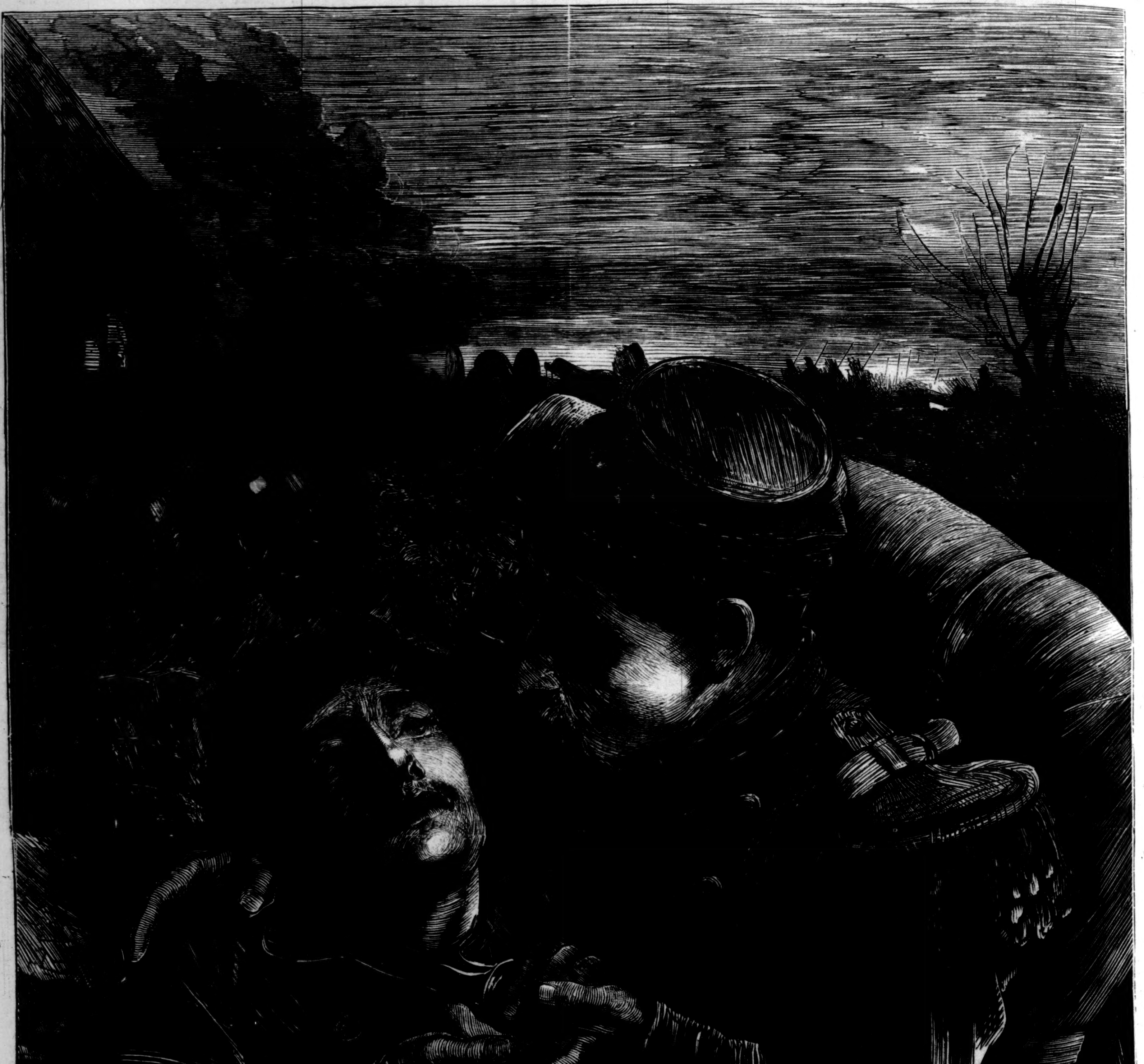
At the mention of her name Mabel started, and with a rosy blush begged pardon for her inattention. "I did not hear what you said, Ju; I was thinking—thinking of something else."

"You ungrateful little puss!" cried Mrs. Marshall. "The idea of your paying no attention when we are talking about the man who saved us all from drowning! For my part, if I had been in your place, I should have made a point of falling in love with him, and of thinking of nothing else. But girls are not what they used to be in my time."

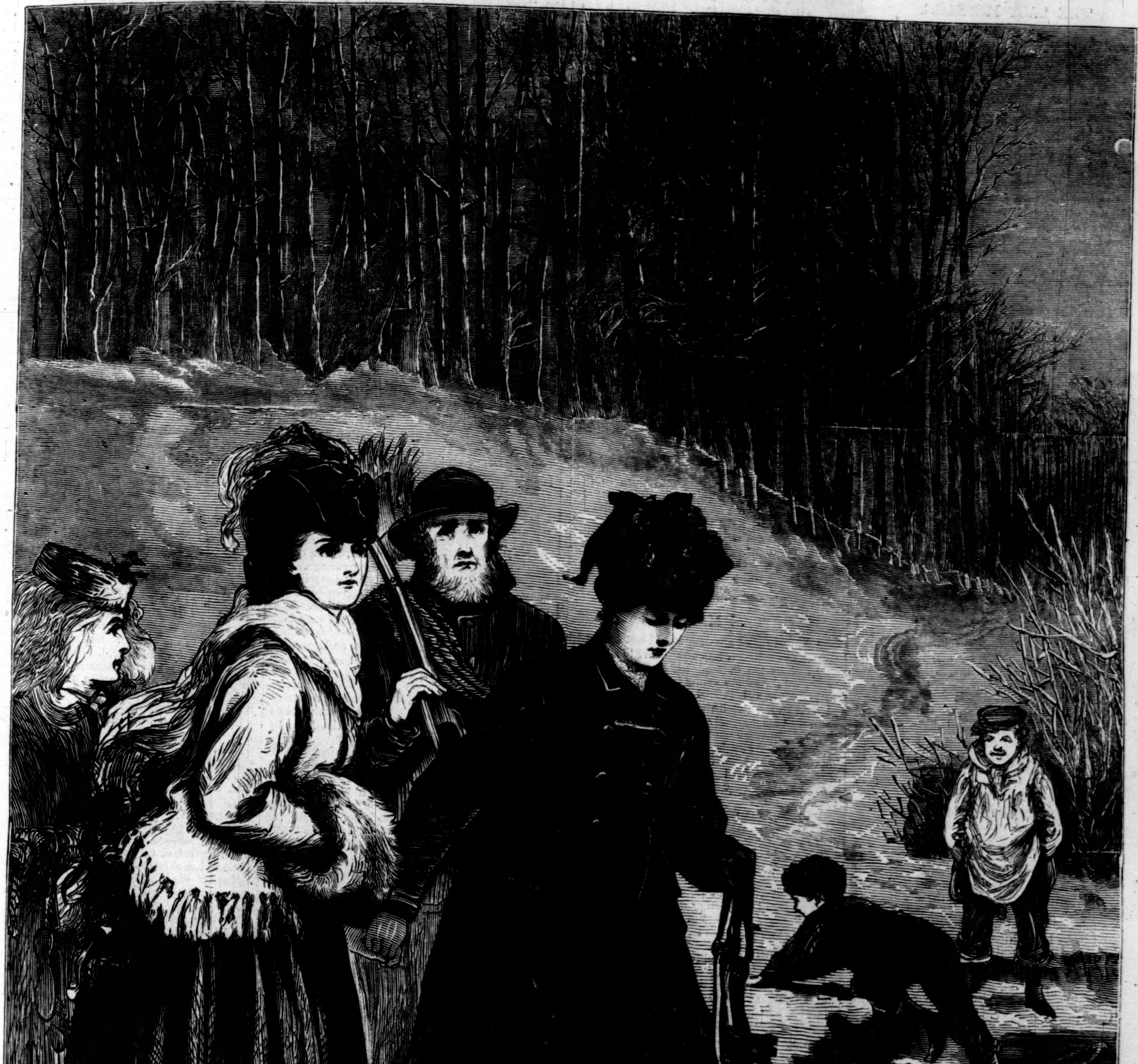
The rose-blush deepened upon Mabel's cheek, but she made no reply; and at that moment there was a clamor at the door.

"The carriage is ready, Ju, if the ladies are dried," cried Frederick; "and we are all waiting your good pleasure."

Who are the "all?" thought Mabel, trembling. Was Mr. Richard Thornton among them? Had her brother-in-law brought him in person, and was she about to take his hand and thank him with her own lips for having saved her life? Of course she wished to do so, but not just then. She mistrusted her power to do it fittingly; she dreaded to meet his look, at least in public. There had been a certain reverence in that manly gaze when fixed upon herself, which had already discomposed her. And now that she knew this handsome, brave young fellow had been ill-used by fate—wore the red shirt, on which Mr. Horn had so insolently remarked, as much from poverty, perhaps, as choice—she somehow felt infinitely more embarrassed. It would be necessary to be much kinder in her manner toward him than if he had been some favorite of fortune. She would naturally like him to know that he possessed her pity as well as her gratitude; and yet how was she to express it? How her dainty limbs trembled, how her pure heart beat, as she moved with the others out of doors! What an immense relief it was to her to find only Frederick and the Professor waiting for them beside the carriage; and then, again, with strange inconsistency, what a pang of disappointment she felt that He was not there! The fact was, notwithstanding Mrs. Marshall's remark, and in spite of much cynical opinion to the same effect, girls are very much "what they used to be" in her time, and will probably remain so still for some generations; nay, even as long as love endures, which is warranted, on good authority, to last forever.



THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAST MESSAGE.—[See Poem on Page 130.]



WILL THE ICE BEAR?—[SEE PAGE 133.]

THE LAST MESSAGE.

[See Illustration on Page 128.]

That cruel day at St. Privat,
When Death mowed down rank after rank,
Our bravest blenched before the fire,
For just a moment by the bank
Of a poor stream that reddening ran,
And halted. "It was warm up there!"
I said; but Henri, laughing, cried,
"*Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.*"

And then the bugle screamed again,
And called us to the burning street
Where bayonets glittered through the smoke:
And now and then you heard the beat
Of angry drums as "*en avant.*"
A wounded man, with flying hair,
Cried, "Once more, or the day is lost."
We said, "*Il faut finir la guerre,*"

And closed up grim and silently,
As our old captain, first to lead,
Snatched our brave eagle from the hand
Of one who envied him the deed,
And rushed upon the burning bridge,
Eager to let us have our share—
Thin muster at the next parade—
Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.

A shout, and down our bayonets went;
We closed upon them fierce and quick,
But faster through the flame and smoke
We saw the rascals gathering thick;
And down a deluge of fresh men
Drove us from street to street, and there
We left one-half our bravest men—
Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.

We'd made a stand, but all in vain,
And I had turned to bind my brow
A shot had grazed, when Henri fell:
I almost seem to see him now,
His hand upon his ghastly wound,
Yet still his smiling face so fair,
As he exclaimed, "Nay, do not grieve—
C'est à la guerre, comme à la guerre.

"Our side will win the trick, you'll see;
Look yonder, how our Chasseurs ride
The Sauerkrauts down. *Vive la belle France!*"
He watched them with a soldier's pride.
"Give this to Madeleine for me,
And tell her how I died, *mon cher:*
I'd hoped to see the game played out—
Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre."

I felt his hand grow cold in mine,
The bugles sounded "the retire;"
I staid a moment by the dead,
As nearer rolled the gathering fire;
No time for tears; one sorrowing look
I gave, and then I left him there,
And as I joined the rear-guard said—
"*Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre.*"

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

In the Supplement to the current Number of *Harper's Weekly* we present our readers with a comprehensive pictorial view of the city of Paris, with the surrounding fortifications and the Prussian lines of investment. The spectator is supposed to be in a balloon over the Bois de Boulogne, looking directly down the magnificent avenue Champs Elysées toward the palace of the Tuileries. For greater facility of reference, the names of all the squares, public buildings, monuments, etc., have been inserted in the proper places, thus avoiding the inconvenience of a separate list of names.

The German armies appeared before Paris on the 15th of September, and first occupied positions on the northeastern side of the city. This was accomplished without difficulty, as General Trochu was afraid to trust his raw levies on the field against the veterans of so many signal victories. But if this was prudence, his failure to occupy the range of hills known as the Heights of Sceaux, lying to the south of the city, and commanding the fortifications on that side, was a terrible blunder. When too late, General Trochu made an attempt to wrest these heights from the possession of the German forces in a battle fought September 19, but was utterly beaten. The attack was badly directed, and though the French troops displayed great gallantry, the day was lost through the inefficiency of their officers. On the 30th of the same month General Trochu made a reconnoissance in two strong columns from Chatillon and St. Cloud, for the purpose of developing the German positions on the west and south; but the French were met by overwhelming masses of the enemy, and driven back with severe loss. On the 28th of October another sortie was attempted against the Bourget, on the north of Paris, with equally fruitless results. The next and most formidable of the sorties undertaken in the vain hope of breaking through the strong line of investment was made on the 30th of November by General Ducrot, with a hundred thousand men, against the positions at Brie, Champigny, and Avron, held by the Saxons and Würtembergers, and commanding the German communications. Here, again, hesitation and want of confidence frustrated the plans of French generals. After penetrating the German lines, and capturing several important positions, Ducrot stood for two days on the defensive, until the Germans attacked him in overwhelming force, and compelled him to retire into Paris. This was the last attempt but one made by the defenders to raise the siege.

For many weeks before the actual commencement of the bombardment it was supposed the Germans would be content to reduce Paris by starvation. Few believed that the resources of the city would sustain its immense population longer than two months. But the end of December came, and Paris still held out. German patience was exhausted, and, all preparations being made, fire was opened from the investing lines the day after Christmas. Mont Avron was captured after two days' bombardment, and a powerful battery planted on it, capable of throwing balls within the walls of Paris. Forts Rosny, Noisy, and Romanville were soon after silenced from this work, but the Germans made no attempt to occupy them. On January 5 fire was opened from the batteries south of the city on Forts Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge. The first two were silenced after a brief bombardment, and the third ceased to reply after the 11th. On the 19th another sortie was attempted, with disastrous results; and soon afterward negotiations were opened, which resulted in the capitulation of the city on the 28th.

According to trust-worthy accounts from Paris, the city itself has not materially suffered from the bombardment. None of the public buildings have been seriously injured. The inhabitants have suffered severely from want of food, and many were killed by the German shells. A letter from Paris, dated January 8, says the effect produced by the enormous projectiles used by the besiegers is not in any way commensurate with their formidable size and appearance. The writer says: "The fort of Nogent, which has received in its interior 10,000 shells (within 200 or 300, a marine having been told off specially to count them), has none killed and only two wounded. The number of shells which fell within the approaches to the fort may be estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000. In the interior of Fort Vanves about 6000 shells have struck since Thursday, and outside from 10,000 to 12,000. Still only four were killed and ten wounded in this fort. Our total loss since Thursday, in our different forts and redoubts, does not amount to more than fifteen killed and sixty wounded. Thursday was the most unfortunate day, for we had on that day nine killed and forty wounded. The damage done to the forts is trifling, and easily repaired during the night. In the interior of Paris several women and children are daily struck by the enemy's projectiles."

THE MARSHES.

"So you really are determined not to go with us on the excursion this afternoon?"

"I really am determined, as I have already remarked;" and the young lady certainly looked very determined indeed, as she stood firmly planted on her two little feet by the window, and drummed emphatically on the pane.

John Rutledge stood just behind her, and looked at her in a half-sad, half-amused condition of mind; looked at her, too, so earnestly that she presently flushed up to the tips of her ears, and turned upon him like a tormented kitten.

"I wish you would not stand staring at me so, Mr. Rutledge; it's very unpleasant."

The young man flushed in his turn, for her tone was unmistakably in earnest, and he said, "I will not look at you, Miss Gordon, since it annoys you—although I had no intention of *staring*, as you term it; besides, I know very well why you will not go with us."

"Do you? Well, I'm sure I don't care. I don't go because I don't choose to go; I suppose I can do as I like."

"I perceive the real reason for your not going coming up the steps," rejoined Rutledge; "so I will not trouble you longer. Good-morning, Miss Gordon." And stepping to the door, he took his hat and passed out, just as a servant admitted a tall, stylish gentleman, at whom he certainly stared with any thing but a friendly glance.

Lillie Gordon had started forward at his last remark, but, seeing from the window its occasion, she held her tongue, and awaited the entrance of the visitor in a very disturbed frame of mind.

The gentleman entered the parlor unannounced, as though he were familiar with the premises, and accosted Lillie warmly before taking a seat by her side.

She was so evidently perturbed by something that he remarked upon it; but obtaining no satisfaction, he presently said, "I have to leave town this afternoon on unexpected business, and shall remain away a couple of days; so we will have to postpone our ride."

"Oh, well," replied the young lady, "it is of no consequence; I can go on the excursion which I intended to give up for the ride. I dare say I shall enjoy myself quite as well."

This reply was certainly not calculated to gratify the young man, and its effect was quite perceptible. He shifted his position uneasily. "I am really very sorry, Lillie, but I must go to Boston by the three-o'clock train. Is that—Rutledge fellow going on the excursion?"

"Really, George, I don't keep any account of the movements of 'that Rutledge fellow,' as you elegantly term him; and I can not see what his going or not going can have to do with you—or me."

"Well, excuse me. I am always so annoyed when I meet him here that I can hardly restrain myself. Let us drop him. Now about that ride: this is Wednesday, and I shall be back by Friday. Suppose we take it then?"

Lillie laughed—a pretty, coquettish laugh enough—and rising, said, "Wait till Friday comes! I never could make up my mind half so far ahead; and, besides, your important business might detain you in Boston, you know. I would not like you to break two engagements with me the same week."

"You are too hard with me, Lillie; but I see you are not in a pleasant mood this morning, so I must submit."

No woman likes to be told she is not in a pleasant mood, and Lillie showed her entire disapproval of the remark by rising, making a very sweeping and certainly graceful bow, and saying, "Good-morning, Mr. Hartley. A pleasant journey to you, and a pleasant mood to me when you return." And then she disappeared through the door, and ran singing up stairs.

Mr. Hartley sat for a moment looking decidedly aggrieved; and then, with a mutter of something which he never learned in the catechism, possessed himself of his hat and cane, and departed.

Lillie Gordon had not been spoiled, but she had been permitted by her parents to remain just sufficiently under the control of her animal spirits and her little willful ways to keep her out of the influence of any other control whatsoever.

She was now eighteen; and having followed her own guidance in the matter of her love-affairs as she always had in most others, she had engaged herself to Mr. George Hartley, and informed her father of the fact, to that worthy gentleman's great dissatisfaction. Not that there was any thing against the person in question, who was well known in society, and who was currently reputed to be possessed of independent means, arising from a large inheritance well invested. But Mr. Gordon was a business man, a merchant in high standing, and he did not relish the idea of giving his only daughter to an idler—one who, confessedly, was engaged in no pursuit whatsoever, other than the lavish expenditure of his large income. Mrs. Gordon was a nonentity, except in the fashionable world; and after dropping a few tears over her daughter's willingness to leave the family roof, she subsided into a gentle commiseration of herself as a much aggrieved personage, and relieved her mind by loudly boasting the many virtues of appearance and purse of her daughter's choice.

John Rutledge occupied the rather disagreeable position of a lover who had never dared to acknowledge himself, yet could not tear himself away from the object of his regards, though he was forced to consider her as the property of another. As he had never spoken, Lillie tolerated him—especially as the rising young artist, whose name was on every body's tongue in society, was not by any means a disagreeable companion at art-receptions and in the studios. The engagement was, after all, a matter of very late date; and as Mr. Hartley was obliged to be away from town a portion of every week on important business connected with his investments in New England, and as John Rutledge was an old acquaintance, and "every body's friend," there had been as yet none of the scandal customary in such cases on account of his frequent visits to the house, or his appearance with Miss Lillie in public.

At precisely three o'clock in the afternoon of the day whose events we are chronicling the Boston express train left the dépôt and proceeded duly on its journey; but if any friend of Mr. George Hartley had been seeking him among its passengers, he would have sought in vain, for we have it on the best of evidence that he failed to put in an appearance at that time and place.

At the same hour the bright and dashing little yacht *Fairy* set sail from one of the up-town piers on the North River, and, with a fair wind, glided beautifully out toward the bay.

On the quarter-deck of the yacht were grouped in picturesque and mutually agreeable attitudes about twenty young ladies and gentlemen, while in the bows a charming band made the air melodious; and amidships a heterogeneous gathering of baskets of wine, hampers of provisions, and boxes of cigars promised even more than "a feast of reason and a flow of soul;" and seated on an afghan, and leaning over the side of the yacht in friendliest communion, were Mr. John Rutledge and that wickedest of young coquettes—Miss Lillie Gordon.

It is not the design of the present writer to condone Miss Lillie's fault in thus comforting herself during the absence of her lover from her side; but we may privately state that that young lady had been seriously displeased at the coolness of Mr. Hartley's manner in the matter of breaking engagements on several occasions, and had chosen this method designedly with the hope of bringing him to book, and indicating to him a path for his future pursuit more congenial to her own feelings. Add to this the fact, known to this writer, that Mr. John Rutledge had, by his good conduct, taken a position in Miss Lillie's esteem of no trifling importance, although she herself was hardly aware of it, and there are but few of our young lady readers who will not be able to find excuse for her—particularly when they have read the remainder of this story.

The day was full of the beauty of early autumn. The clear blue sky framed in the fleecy cloud-pictures; the soft and tender sunlight gleamed silvery and bright upon the pure white sails; the great city, with its hundred steeples, faded away in the distance; Staten Island and its pleasant homesteads delighted the eye; and so down through the "Kills" the *Fairy* floated swiftly and gracefully toward the spot which was to be the scene of their afternoon merry-making.

A couple of hours' sail brought the yacht in front of a dense grove of old forest trees; and there, hauling in to the bank, the anchor was thrown over, the sails came clattering down on the deck, and the party disembarked, full of glee, and making the ancient grove resound with laughter and with song. Seated under the brave trees, while the fresh western wind trembled musically among the branches, and the many-hued leaves came fluttering down into their laps, they discussed wine and viands, drank toasts and sang songs, and were as merry and happy as could be reasonably expected. John Rutledge gave himself up with dear delight to the generous pleasure of the passing moments; and if at times the black vision of their fleetingness came to disturb him, he put it aside, and dwelt only on the blissful present, considering not that this must doubtless be the last occasion when he could thus tranquilly enjoy to its fullness the charm that the graceful girl so subtly threw about him.

A loud whistle, apparently proceeding from a locomotive, at length startled the air, and caused one of the young ladies to ask what it was. The answer was simple enough—that it was the engine on a railroad only a mile back of the grove.

"And does that road go to the city?" asked the inquisitive young lady aforesaid.

"It goes to Jersey City," was the reply.

And conversation and song and laughter went on, none dreaming of how much importance to two of the party were those simple questions and answers.

After a while the party separated into couples, as is the custom for such occasions made and provided; and John and Lillie, like the rest, strolled away by themselves.

Now whether it was Lillie's remarkably good spirits, or the juice of the grape that completely destroyed Mr. Rutledge's self-possession, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that that young man took advantage of the occasion, and the comparative seclusion afforded them in their stroll, to make, in the most unmistakable and unwarrantable manner, a declaration of love to his fair companion; and as if his passion, which had been so long bottled up, rejoiced at its escape from bondage, he poured forth the wildest rhapsodies on his love for her, completely ignoring the existence and prior claims of the absent one—a course of conduct which could not fail to impress unfavorably the well-regulated mind of the one to whom his words were addressed.

At first, unable to stem the torrent of his passionate language, Lillie stood silent and amazed, or apparently so; but at length, when he paused to take breath, and for a moment gave her an opportunity, she did not hesitate in her reception of this unexpected onslaught. Stamping her pretty foot upon the dead leaves beneath her, she said, passionately:

"Mr. Rutledge, I am ashamed of you. To take advantage of my kindness to you, when you know that I am engaged to another! I would not have believed it of you. Now, Sir, you can go back to the party, and say I am going home by the train. I'll not speak to you again—never."

And so saying, she turned from his side, and hurried off in the direction whence she had heard the sound of the whistle. Rutledge ran after her a few steps, called to her, begging her to forgive him, and then, as she continued rapidly on her course, returned to the yacht, intending to tell their friends that Miss Gordon had concluded to return by the train, and that he should accompany her. And with that design we will leave him for the present.

Lillie hurried on precipitately, little heeding the nature of the course she was following, or the many obstacles of root, rock, and dead limb that obstructed her way, so fully was her mind absorbed with the occurrence of the preceding moments.

While her face burned, and a variety of sensations, occasioned by the mad advances of poor John Rutledge, troubled her mind, she thought little of her surroundings, and was only recalled to herself—to lose herself more completely at the same time—by suddenly tripping over a tangled root, and being plunged headforemost into a gully worn by some little brook, now dried up and sunk into the earth.

The hole, or pit, was not deep, but Lillie had lost consciousness; and when John Rutledge passed within a few yards of the spot ten minutes later, on his way to the cars, he little imagined that the one he sought lay bruised and senseless within reach of the sound of his footsteps.

Hurrying over to the railroad station, he discovered that a train had just left, while another would not go out until late in the evening. He pushed his inquiries, involving a description of Miss Lillie, in every direction; but it was not for some time that he finally learned that no young lady had taken passage on the train on that occasion.

When he had satisfied himself of this fact, beyond a question, he became really troubled as to Lillie's whereabouts. It was just possible that she might have stopped at some farm-house, and accordingly he spent considerable more time searching and inquiring among these, but with no result—she had not been seen. Then he became really alarmed, for the land about was marshy, and extended to a great distance in all directions, and he feared she might have lost herself. How his search resulted will be told in the sequel.

The yacht sailed without them, every one commenting on the extraordinary freak of Miss Lillie Gordon, and wondering what Mr. George Hartley would think of the matter when he should hear of it, which they were sure he would, though one and all of them asserted they would be the last ever to communicate such a disgraceful and improper proceeding—"for the sake of her poor mother, you know."

And so the yacht sped on its homeward way; the sun sank slowly down; the blue sky turned gray, and then black, and became studded with stars, as is its wont; the moon rose up in richest fullness; and this last, shining fairly in the face of the silent figure lying out there alone in the Jersey marshes, at length, with its own peculiar influence, brought her again to life.

Slowly she raised herself to her feet, numbed and aching, and, passing her hand through her hair, asked herself the old question—where she was. After a little her scattered senses came to her, and she remembered.

But she had now no idea of the direction of the railroad; her limbs were bruised and torn, and her impulse was very strong to sit down again and cry. But she was a plucky girl, and concluded to make an effort to gain the dépôt, which she supposed to be not far away; and, accordingly, set forward on her lonely journey, picking her steps carefully by the moonlight.

Thus she had walked some distance—how far she had no idea—when she saw, a long way off, a dim and flickering light, and toward this she hastened with what speed her tired limbs would permit.

It seemed a very long way indeed; but at length she drew nearer to the light—near enough to see that it proceeded from a small house, and situated very near the water, on which she could see the moonbeams glistening, as it seemed to her, cold and mockingly.

Presently she heard sounds as of hammering, apparently issuing from the house; and at length she reached it, and could look into the window whence proceeded the light—a small oil-lamp on a table in a room otherwise devoid of furniture, and unoccupied by any living thing.

Still she heard the same regular hammering; and now a strange dread came over her. Unformed and mysterious imaginings disturbed her mind, and she was on the point of fleeing from the place, when a door in the room opened, and a man entered from another part of the house. His back was toward her, but she felt a thrill, for the figure seemed familiar; he carried something heavy with the assistance of another who followed him. It was a small chest, which they placed upon the floor; then they opened a trap-door, and then—Lillie screamed, shrieked at the highest pitch of her voice, for the one who had first entered the room had turned his face toward her, and she saw that it was George Hartley.

The scream was hardly uttered when a coarse, heavy hand was placed over her mouth, and she felt herself rudely grasped by strong arms, while a harsh voice muttered, "If you speak or move again, I'll cut your heart out." Then the speaker sounded a whistle which he held in his hand, and which was evidently a signal, for the two men inside the house pushed the box hastily down the trap, which they closed.

But now a loud shout was heard near by; several lights appeared, and in a moment more Lillie's captor was dashed to the ground by a strong arm, and she found herself held tight in—well, yes—the embrace of—John Rutledge.

Men rushed rapidly—half a dozen at least—into the house; there was crashing of glass, oaths, screams, and a general mêlée; and of all of it Lillie could make nothing, except that she had been saved from some dire disaster—and by John Rutledge, the man who had so grossly insulted her by his impertinent allusions to her lover, who—could it be possible?—she now saw dragged from the house, struggling and cursing, handcuffed, clothes torn, and in a generally dilapidated condition.

Five minutes after she was seated in a wagon, with John's arm supporting her, as they jolted over the rough road, and then she could stand it no longer.

"Oh, John! what does it all mean?"

She had never called him John before; but suppressing an exclamation of delight, and the wild impulse to turn a somersault over the horse's head, he said, quietly:

"It means, Lillie, that Mr. George Hartley is the leader of a gang of counterfeiters; that you happened somehow—God knows how—to straggle upon his den; that the man on watch outside saw and seized you; that you screamed; that I, who was looking for you, and the officers, who were looking for him, came up in the nick of time to save you from—what I dare not think of."

And here poor John broke down; and it is on record that this outrageous little flirt of a Lillie Gordon said, thereupon, "Don't cry, John," and that she even put up her handkerchief to see that he obeyed her orders then and there.

Great joy was there in the house of Gordon that night, when, at about midnight, Mr. Rutledge made his appearance with the lost one.

Great surprise was there in society next day when Mr. George Hartley was duly arraigned in the proper court for counterfeiting—not greenbacks, good people, but the sterling old gold and silver of this republic, in use in those happy days when we were children.

Great fluttering was there not many weeks after, when Mr. and Mrs. John Rutledge (the latter *née* Lillie Gordon) made their first appearance in society; what time Mr. George Hartley was diligently pursuing the mysteries of stone-breaking at his new villa on the Hudson.

And those three persons will never forget, so long as they live, the eventful night they spent on "the marshes."

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

ON our first page will be found the portrait of the man to whom the Germans are chiefly indebted for the conquest of France, and who, for his great services, has received the title of Count from the Emperor of Germany.

VON MOLTKE was born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin October 26, 1800. His military career commenced in Denmark; but, finding this field too limited, he soon offered his services to Prussia, and in 1822 received the commission of a Second Lieutenant. In the Prussian service his advancement was rapid. It was not long before he was appointed to the general staff of the army; and in 1858 was made chief of staff, a position which he still holds, and which makes him virtually the commander-in-chief of the military forces of Prussia. In this capacity he planned the successful campaign against Denmark; but his genius as a strategist was first fully displayed in the war of 1866 with Austria, when the military power of that empire was humbled in the dust.

Still more wonderful, however, is the grand campaign which has destroyed the military prestige of France, and brought her to the very feet of Germany. From the moment that the hesitating imbecility of NAPOLEON gave the great German commander the opportunity to concentrate his forces and perfect his plans, the immense armies under his direction have marched on from victory to victory without a single reverse of importance, until 300,000 prisoners of war in Germany, and a dozen great fortresses captured and held by German soldiers, attest the supremacy of his genius, and the completeness of his victory.

A man of firm and steadfast character, without the stubbornness which often characterizes narrow-minded men, VON MOLTKE never hesitates when once engaged. The motto chosen for him by the Emperor, on creating him a Count, shows a true appreciation of his character, *Erst wägen, dann wagen*—"First weigh, then venture"—a quality of mind which, in these days of scientific warfare, goes further in the long-run than the most brilliant dash and personal courage ever displayed upon the field of battle.

TIP-TOP HOUSE IN A STORM.

THE snug eyrie on the summit of Mount Washington, where Professor HUNTINGTON, with one or two associates, is spending the winter for the purpose of making scientific observations, was rudely shaken by the storm which recently swept over the country. Would any reader who glances at our sketch on page 124 like to change places with them for all the curious facts they may discover, or all the fame they may acquire? The deep snows that obstruct the road to the summit, and render it impassable for months, shut them off as effectually from the rest of the world as if they were floating on an iceberg in that famous polar main which you must first see to believe in—only that they have the telegraph with which to communicate with their fellow-men. The accounts which they send us of the state of the atmosphere are not exactly what old ladies call "inviting." The velocity of the wind is tremendous, and ice and snow are hurled against the sides of the house with a violence that, say the occupants, "is likely to keep us wide awake as long as it continues." It is a singular fact, however, that the thermometer indicates a less intense degree of cold on the very summit of the mountain than prevailed during the storm at Lowell and other places no further north. The principal discomfort arises from the violence of the wind.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SNOW in New York brings ever so much discomfort. Nobody is prepared for it. Locomotion is fearfully impeded, and not unfrequently quite suspended in some quarters, when the great snow-drifts fill streets and sidewalks. There is no room for snow in the great metropolis; the citizens are too much crowded at the best, and regard the gently falling flakes as intruding on their rights. It is not so strange that this is the general feeling, for not one in a thousand can enjoy the exceedingly brief period of sleighing which may follow a snow-storm, and every individual experiences that almost intolerable nuisance which is the inevitable result of every fall of snow—*mud*. That nuisance is the bane of New York winters; clean snow, be it ever so deep, is luxury compared to it. Alas for all those who are forced to wade our streets in the height of the mud season! But snow is a good thing (although there may be too much even of a good thing) where the weather is cold enough—in Maine, for example—and where people expect it, and prepare for it. Two or three feet of snow does not disturb the equilibrium of New Englanders in a country town. They get out their oxen and snow-plows, and break out a good road; they have sleds and sleighs, snow-shoes and arctic boots; and even if they are blocked up in the house a few days, they don't fret about it much, for the larder is well supplied, and plenty of occupation within-doors. And there the beautiful snow, pure and white, wraps up the earth, and keeps it warm. Strange as it is, this coldest of substances is, by its structural composition, a heat-sustaining medium. Soft and porous, it acts like wool in confining the natural heat of the earth. Thus the ground is fertilized, and crops benefited. "A year of snow, a year of plenty," is an old proverb. And this reminds us of another proverb on the subject, which we believe is of Italian origin, "Snow for a week is a mother to the earth;" with the significant addition, "After a week it becomes a step-mother." We think the most and best that can be said of New York snow is that it is only a "step-mother"—and a very disagreeable one.

There has been a discussion in England as to the value of acorns as food for cattle. Some persons say they are poisonous, while others estimate the acorn crop in that country last year as worth more than a million sterling. The fact seems to be that acorns, dry and ripe, are very valuable food for swine and sheep, if taken in moderation.

It may be a sad fact for some of the present inhabitants of this globe to reflect upon, that a certain learned professor has discovered that our earth can not support human life more than twenty-six millions of years longer!

Dickens was of the opinion that it furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

Halifax gentlemen do not seem to be "up to the times." One was solicited, not long ago, to buy something at a fair, and he gallantly replied to the lady who made the request that what he wanted to buy he feared was not for sale—a lock of her hair. To his surprise and delight she promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the price offered—ten dollars. The happy purchaser was exhibiting his trophy to one of his friends, who very suddenly blasted his joy by saying, "She rather outflanked you, for, to my certain knowledge, she only paid three dollars for the whole wig."

From the Twenty-third Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth we learn that the number of inmates in this institution last year was eighty-seven. Experiment proves that this unfortunate class of children are capable of a good degree of education and culture, though the methods pursued with them are peculiar, and there is great advantage in placing them under the charge of those who devote their time and thoughts to the responsible business. In the State School above referred to all pupils, whether State beneficiaries or private, are treated alike. They are well and comfortably clad, housed, and lodged. They have abundance of nourishing food, and are kept scrupulously clean. They are taught daily in school and in the work-shop. They are subject to gentle and kind discipline, and never made to suffer any corporal pain for any offense whatever—it being well understood that an attendant will be instantly dismissed who even pulls an ear, or inflicts any painful discipline. The girls are exercised daily in such house-work or handiwork as they can manage. The boys work daily in the shop, and some of them do very well at simple trades, like broom-making.

It may be a slander upon the Legislature of Pennsylvania—for which, however, we are not responsible—that the following speech is currently attributed to a member of that august body: "I know wimun, Mr. Speaker; I say it in no disrespect; I know 'em; I have had a heap to do with 'em. They're a useful class, and—and yet with the best of 'em you may have trouble."

Among the Mohammedans no lengthy legal process is necessary to divorce a wife from her husband. The "liege lord" simply says to his wife three times, "You are divorced!" and the thing is done. The wife, however, has no such power over her husband.

A Boston fanatic has issued a circular, signed with his own name, in which he earnestly solicits *ten cents* from a million people. He does not ask it for charity, but simply states that one million ten-cent pieces make one hundred thousand dollars, and begs that no one will turn aside from the request, but send the ten cents, and be one of many to make one person rich!

Fanny Fern does not seem to think much of the safety of New York as a residence as compared with Boston. At the "Hub," she says, ladies can go to public places in the evening, alone or in couples, if their husbands and brothers do not want to go, or are away from home. "But in New York, where people go out from their own doors and are sometimes never heard of afterward, and, for the matter of that, go into their own doors and are never seen alive afterward, it is a risky undertaking."

Cincinnati has a Big Tree Exhibition. The Sequoia is the scientific name of a gigantic kind of tree growing only in a few isolated groves in California. A complete section of one of these trees, fourteen feet high and seventy-six feet in circumference, has been brought from California, and is now on exhibition at Wiswell's Art Gallery in Cincinnati.

This is the season for colds. The evaporation of a large body of snow, the sudden changes in temperature, muddy streets, and general imprudences give many a sore throat, dry cough, and stuffed head. The *Herald of Health* advises the following remedies: "Upon the first indication that you have taken cold, stop eating until the cold is cured; drink freely of cold water; induce a free perspiration over the entire body, either by exercise, the Turkish, vapor, lamp, or hot-water bath, or wet-sheet pack, followed by a tepid spray or sponging; go to bed, cover up warm, and breathe all the pure air you can. Nine cases out of ten will yield to this treatment in less than twelve hours, and the tenth one will hardly continue twenty-four hours."

Many statements have been made indicative of the destructive and dangerous nature of nitro-glycerine. Facts, which are fresh in the memory of all, show that serious accidents have resulted from its use, although in many instances carelessness has been the immediate cause. Professor Mowbray, the inventor of the explosive used at the Hoosac Tunnel, thinks that some prevalent errors regarding this substance should be corrected. He gives a list of the fatal accidents which have occurred at or about the Hoosac Tunnel from nitro-glycerine during the past three years, five in number. He also says that "facts show that there is no work employing so many men in any part of the world where so few casualties have occurred from the explosives used as in the Hoosac Tunnel. The miners are, perhaps, as good judges of this matter as any person, and they seem to prefer nitro-glycerine. They have even refused at the central shaft to substitute powder."

A ludicrous incident lately occurred on a Mississippi steamer, which we relate as a warning to those who attempt to change the personal adornments which Nature has given them. A man who was journeying to Texas with his wife thought he would enjoy the luxury of a shaving and shampooing. While this was going on he concluded to surprise his wife, and at his request hair, eyebrows, and whiskers were changed from a fiery red to raven blackness. He hastened to his stateroom, but was met at the door by his spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a stranger as she supposed, and admittance refused. He called himself her husband; she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain. It was useless. A crowd gathered around, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the hoosier exclaimed, "Sallie, look at my feet!"

One glance at the pedal appendages assured her. "Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in, but keep that head out of sight."

Victor Hugo is writing an epic on the present siege of Paris, which he calls the "Great City of the Free."

On the Kennebec River, in Maine, there are now twenty-three ice companies within twenty-five miles. The ice on the river is of splendid quality, and there is every prospect that all the houses will soon be filled. Elsewhere, also, in our own vicinity, the ice companies are very busily engaged, and if we have not an abundance of ice next summer the blame must rest on some other personage than the Frost King.

There is a wonderful spring in Texas, about sixty miles north of Galena, the water of which is quite acid, resembling lemonade, and those who have tasted it like it so much that they are in danger of indulging in it immoderately. The spring has no apparent outlet or inlet. It is said to be sixty feet wide, and it is covered with a white froth or foam, which, upon close examination, appears like cream of tartar on a wine-cask. It kills insects, worms, and other small animals that come near and use it. No fish or other evidence of life is seen within its waters.

A man who should have the palm for possessing extraordinary managing abilities hails from a thinly populated township in Iowa. Living remote from a school-house, and having children to educate, he contrived to get a certain territory, of which he was the only inhabitant, set off as a new district. He then elected himself sub-director, and secured an appropriation to build a school-house. He built a dwelling-house for himself with the money, finishing off a school-room in the upper story. He then used the contingent fund to buy himself a cooking-stove, placing it in the lower room, and warming the school-room by taking the pipe through it to the chimney. He then installed his wife as teacher of her own children (and no others), fixing the salary to please himself. Such a man as this ought not to be hidden away in an unpopulated wilderness of the West.

A Boston journal suggests that tablets be placed on kitchen walls, commemorative of departed cooks, for the benefit of their successors. For example:

Suddenly,
in a
fit of temper,
at 11 o'clock A.M.,
on Tuesday, April 9, 1870,
BRIDGET O'FLAHERTY,
a good cook,
but
peppery in the extreme!

Or thus:

Departed this kitchen, without any warning,
Early St. Patrick's Day in the morning,
A whole household to mourn her, one Margaret M'Shane,
Who e'en to get breakfast refused to remain.
The cause of this exit untimely you seek?
She could only go out seven nights in the week.

All our preconceived ideas in regard to historical characters are, one by one, being swept away by the new developments of the present age. That much maligned woman, Xantippe, is now crowned with honor. It is now asserted that she was beautiful, thrifty, and a good housewife; that she first won the regard of Socrates by her wonderful conversational powers, and the skill with which she refuted some of his arguments; that in spite of the ugliness of Socrates, and his poverty and obscure origin, she married him, discerning the beauty of his mind and soul; that her relatives disapproved the match, and she herself soon found her husband lacking in very essential qualities for comfort in common life. Socrates is found to have given himself little concern about the support of his family; he had no legitimate calling; he was a lounger in public places; he had a habit of inviting persons to dine with him when there was nothing with which to entertain them. Moreover, he was repulsive in appearance, slovenly in dress, and very unsocial at home. What wonder, then, if she lost her temper while attempting to keep the house and rear the children of such a man? The trials of poor Xantippe are only just beginning to be revealed!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COMIC story is told of Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a great pet of the whole family. One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself in a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."

SLIP-KNOTS—Divorces.

RECOGNITION ON EARTH.—The following is suggestive of an evil which exists in certain city churches: A Boston minister says he once preached on "The Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church twenty years, and didn't know any of its members.

Not long since an Irish employé at the Walker House, Portland, adopted the following ingenious method to atone for a mistake. It seems he had been in the habit of calling up a boarder at precisely half past five o'clock in the morning; but one morning he called him at five o'clock. So when the boarder came down Pat called out to him: "Indade, Sir, and faith I called you a little arely this morning. It is only five o'clock." "Ah!" said the boarder; "why did you call me so early?" "Why, and because, and be jabers, I missed my man, and called him half an hour too late; so, to make it up, I called you half an hour too arely!"

How was Jonah punished?—Whaled.

A young ensign of a regiment, residing in a room which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said, "Well, Charles, how much longer do you mean to stop in this nut-shell?" To whom he replied, "Until I become a kernel."

A PITCHED BATTLE—A fight between two tars.

There is a little railroad at Bayou Sara, Louisiana, that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often that steam-car made trips to the country. "Tri-weekly," was the reply. "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" "It goes up one week, and tries to come down the next."

"Please, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?" "Certainly, my son; what for?" "He wants to make a scarecrow to keep the corn out of our turkey-buzzards." Exit precocious youth, followed by Smith and a new axe-helve.

An elderly Indiana pair, aged respectively seventy-eight and seventy-five, want a divorce on account of accumulated incompatibility.

A doctor's motto is supposed to be "patients and long-suffering."

TO KEEP DRY—Live on codfish.

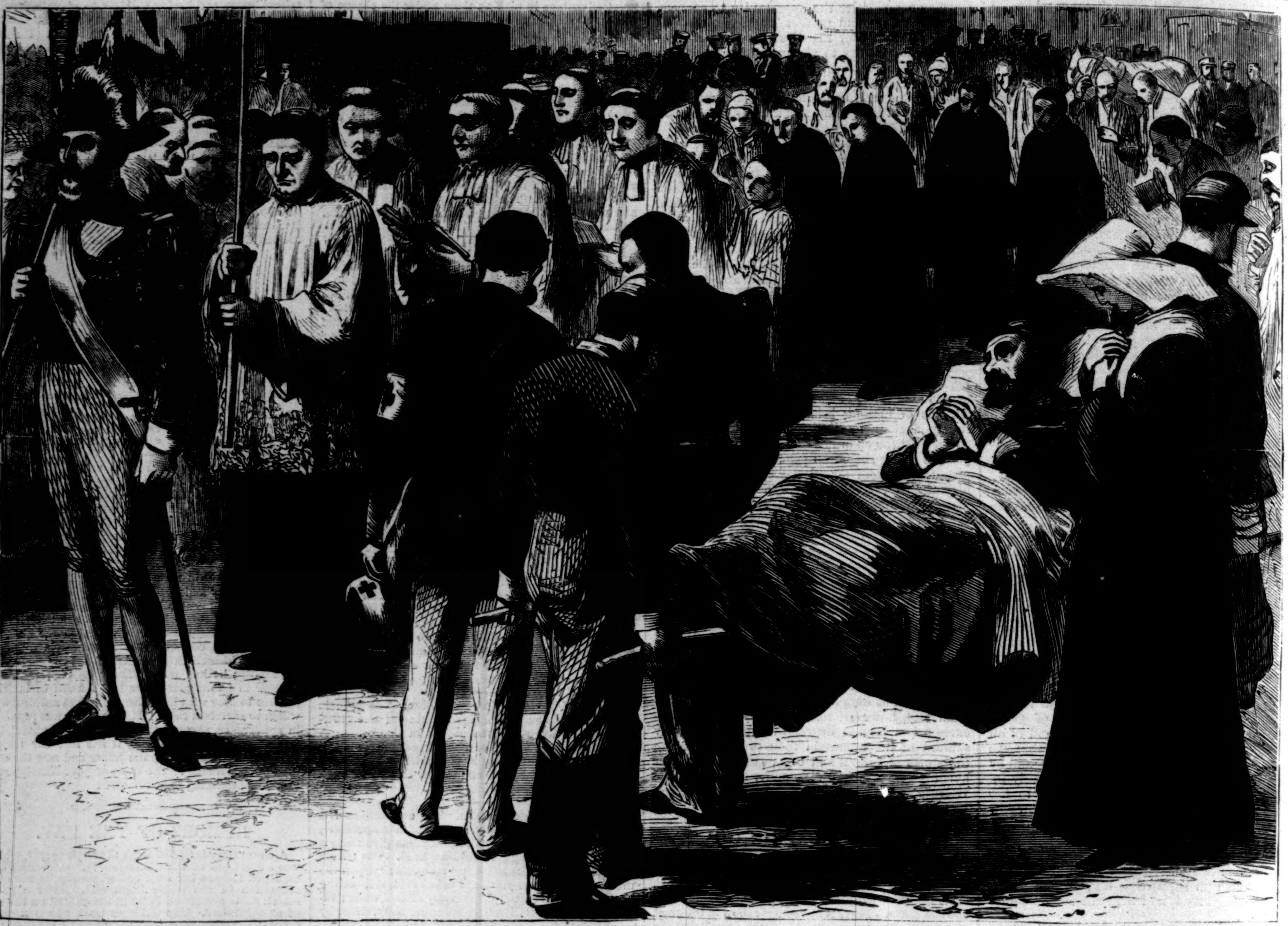
Female pickpockets all wear the convenient Arab shawls. They fold their shawls like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

THE POOR MAN'S STORY—The garret.

EPIGRAM ON A DULL PREACHER.

Dormouse esteems it wond'rous odd
That people, when he preaches, nod,
As if he was a very proser.
Take comfort, Dormouse—though they blame
Your oratory, you may claim
The merit of a rare composer.

"Tom," said a man to his friend, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand nowadays." "Tim," answered the other, "I find it more difficult than dangerous."



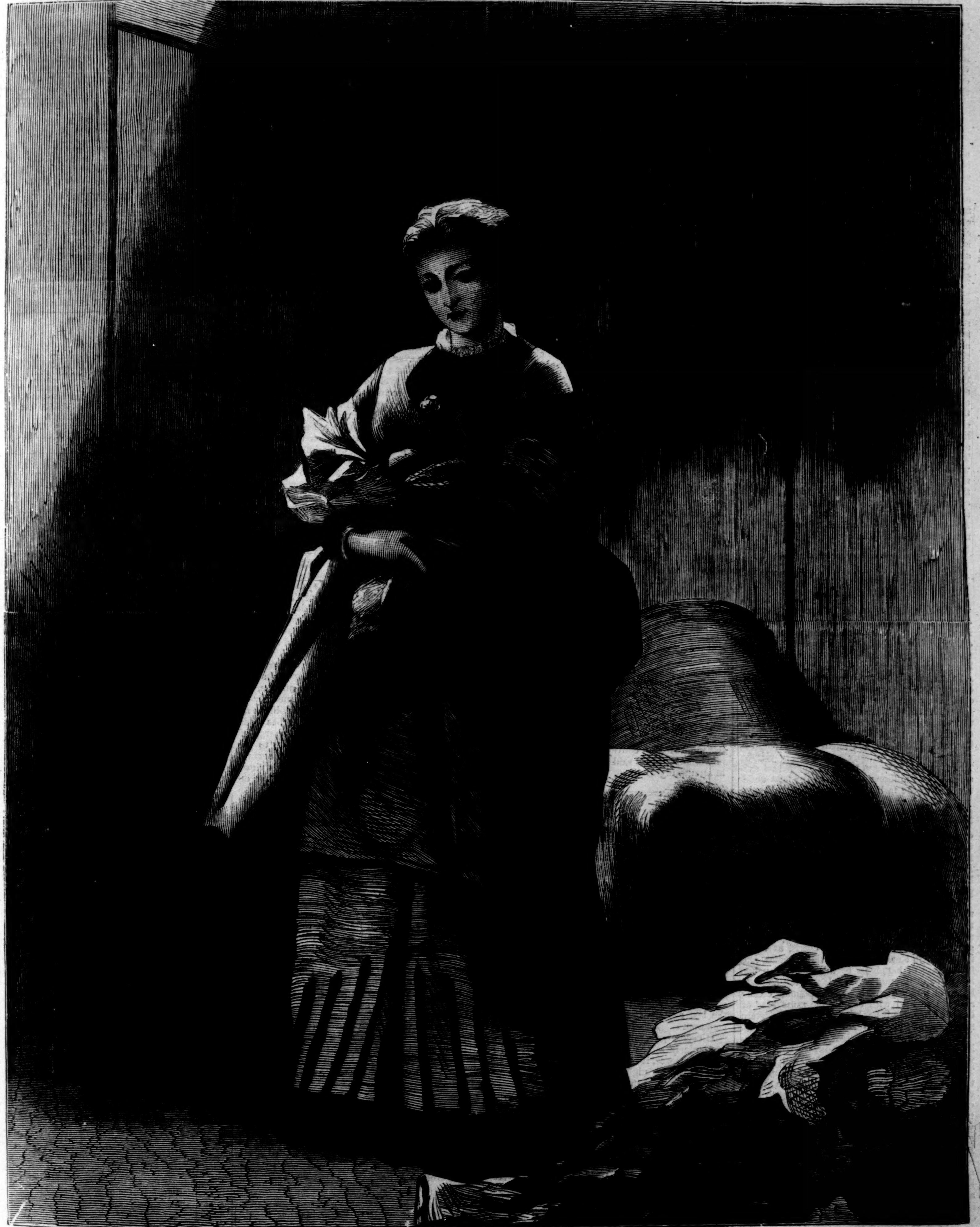
A SCENE AT VERSAILLES.

A STRAY SHOT—AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

THE RED CROSS.

The sketch on this page, with the above title, represents an English lady, one of the numerous band of the "Red Cross" sisterhood, who, during the recent campaigns, have devoted themselves to ministering to the sufferings of the sick and wounded victims of war. Many a refined and delicately nurtured woman has left the luxuries and comforts of her peaceful English home—a voluntary exile, following in the footsteps of a foreign army, spending the long sultry days of summer and the cold dreary nights of winter in the wards of an army hospital, often beyond the reach even of letters or news from her native home.

The sketch depicts a room in one of the many stately old French chateaux, but a few short months ago the home of a prosperous family, the scene of festive gatherings, now the refuge of pain and suffering. The lofty "salons" converted into hospital wards; camp bedsteads and the rough appliances of a field ambulance replacing the luxurious canopies and inlaid cabinets. The delicately furnished boudoir and "Chambre de Madame" converted into storerooms, heaps of coarse woolen clothing and piles of bandages filling the wardrobes where gorgeous robes were wont to hang. On the shelves the varied appliances of a fashionable lady's toilet ruthlessly cleared away to make room for neatly arranged stores of medical comforts and necessaries. The young Englishwoman has evidently with her own hands been opening one of the large, well-packed bales sent by her generous countrywomen. She is now carrying a bundle of bandages into the adjoining ward, where the surgeon is doubtless waiting for her gentle aid to bind up the shattered limb of a patient sufferer, who a few hours ago was marching into battle in all the pride of his youth and strength, now laid low on a bed of pain, grateful for the soothing sympathy and tender care of the English *infirmière*. To him she seems a ministering angel, throwing a ray of light upon his sufferings, recalling to him in his hour of agony the fair and loving bride, whose soft-toned voice he longs, with all the longing of a dying exile, once more to hear.



THE RED CROSS.

WILL THE ICE BEAR?

A very pertinent question in these days of accidents on skating-ponds and rivers, and one which, if always solved satisfactorily, would prevent many melancholy occurrences. But the dainty lady in the sketch on page 129, who is just tapping the slippery surface with her foot, is scarcely acting in a manner which will properly decide the weighty problem. What is the best course of procedure? We are supposing the case of a private sheet of water, on which no human foot has ventured since King Frost set his crystalline seal upon it. A large Newfoundland dog is not a bad pioneer, if you can only persuade him to venture on the ice; but those animals, though ready to plunge boldly into any depth of water, have a strong objection to appearing ridiculous, and they are aware that they do look ridiculous when they are floundering about with their legs wide apart, and a helpless expression on their sagacious countenances. We recommend the ladies to enlist the services of the most corpulent gentleman of their acquaintance—a bachelor, of course, for married men's lives are far too precious for such perilous ventures. He should put on a cork jacket, and have a stout rope fastened round his body, with the coachman and gardener at the other end, to give a haul in case of need. If your fat friend tumbles—as he is pretty sure to do—and does *not* go in, you may venture to put on your skates; and the least you can do is to pet him exceedingly all the rest of the day.

ALONG THE DOCKS.

The most picturesque portions of New York, as of nearly all cities where the antique element is wanting, are to be found in the dilapidated structures along the docks. A walk there in the dusk of a winter's evening, though neither very safe nor very pleasant, will lead one through many scenes like the one depicted by our artist on page 124. There the novelist and the painter may find inexhaustible materials for studies in their respective arts, and the philanthropist and reformer the most ample opportunities for Christian work. Our illustration is a sketch from real life. Pausing a moment before any one of the well-warmed and cheerfully lighted coffee-booths, which form a characteristic feature of our river streets, one may witness just such a scene—the half-frozen, shivering news boy and girl wistfully regarding the display of cakes and pies, so tempting to the unfastidious appetite; the half-drunken beggar-women, obstinately deaf to the policeman's order to "move on;" the warmly coated pedestrian; the tough and storm-beaten sailor, to whom all weathers are alike. They are not pleasant places to enter, these coffee-booths; but sometimes singular characters are there to be met with, who, on a little provocation, will give you a history as sad and as thrilling as any you ever read in romance. The famous old Russian, Count Gurowski, when reduced to financial straits, used to haunt these places, and was not ashamed to confess that his supper of "hot cakes" or pie and coffee, costing ten cents, sometimes tasted better than the most splendid banquet at which he ever sat! At such times, however, we fancy the Count must have been very hungry.

THE EGYPTIANS AND THE ISRAELITES.

The Egyptians were the first people upon the earth who emerged into what is now called civilization. How they lived, how they were governed, during the tens or hundreds of generations which intervened between their earliest and latest monuments, there is little evidence to say. At the date when they become historically visible they present the usual features of effete Oriental societies: the labor executed by slave-gangs, and a rich, luxurious minority spending their time in feasting and revelry. Wealth accumulated, Art flourished. Enormous engineering works illustrated the talent or ministered to the vanity of the priestly and military classes. The favored of fortune basked in perpetual sunshine. The millions sweated in the heat under the lash of the task-master, and were paid with just so much of the leeks and onions and flesh-pots as would continue them in a condition to work. Of these despised wretches some hundreds of thousands were enabled by Providence to shake off the yoke, to escape over the Red Sea into the Arabian desert, and there receive from Heaven a code of laws under which they were to be governed in the land where they were to be planted. What were those laws?

The Egyptians, in the midst of their corruptions, had inherited the doctrine from their fathers which is considered the foundation of all religion. They believed in a life beyond the grave—in the judgment-bar of Osiris, at which they were to stand on leaving their bodies, and in a future of happiness or misery as they had lived well or ill upon earth. It was not a speculation of philosophers, it was the popular creed; and it was held with exactly the same kind of belief with which it has been held by the Western nations since their conversion to Christianity.

But what was the practical effect of their belief? There is no doctrine, however true, which works mechanically on the soul like a charm. The expectation of a future state may be a motive for the noblest exertion, or it may be an excuse for acquiescence in evil, and serve to conceal and perpetuate the most enormous iniquities. The magnate of Thebes or Memphis, with his huge estates, his town and country palaces, his retinue of eunuchs, and his slaves whom he counted by thousands, was able to say to himself, if he thought at all, "True enough, there are inequalities of fortune. These serfs of mine have a miserable time of it, but it is only a *time*, after all; they have immortal souls, poor devils, and their wretched existence here is but a drop of water in the ocean of their being. They have as good a chance of Paradise as I have—perhaps better. Osiris will set all right hereafter; and for the present, rich and poor are an ordinance of Providence, and there is no occasion to disturb established institutions. For myself, I have drawn a prize in the lottery, and I hope I am grateful. I subscribe handsomely to the temple services. I am myself punctual in my religious duties. The priests, who are wiser than I am, pray for me, and they tell me I may set my mind at rest."

Under this theory of things the Israelites had been ground to powder. They broke away. They too were to become a nation. A revelation of the true God was bestowed on them, from which, as from a fountain, a deeper knowledge of the Divine nature was to flow out over the earth; and the central thought of it was the realization of the Divine government—not in a vague hereafter, but in the living present. The unpractical prospective justice which had become an excuse for tyranny was superseded by an immediate justice in time. They were to reap the harvest of their deeds—not in heaven, but on earth. There was no life in the grave whither they were going. The future state was withdrawn from their sight till the mischief which it had wrought was forgotten. It was not denied, but it was veiled in a cloud. It was left to private opinion to hope or to fear; but it was no longer held out either as an excitement to piety or a terror to evil-doers. The God of Israel was a living God, and His power was displayed visibly and immediately in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked while they remained in the flesh.

THE FLOODS IN ROME.

The overflow of the Tiber, from the sudden melting of the snow in the Apennine mountain country, inundated a great part of the city of Rome three days after Christmas-day, and caused much distress to the inhabitants. The photograph from which the illustration on page 125 is engraved was taken on the terrace of the Pincian Hill, or public pleasure-ground, looking over the Piazza del Popolo to the opposite side of the Tiber, where the majestic dome of St. Peter's, and the extensive pile of the Vatican beside it, fill the back-ground of the view. The Piazza del Popolo, entered from the city gate on the north side of the city, is a meeting-point of three long streets—the Via di Ripetta to the right hand, along the bank of the river; the Corso, the principal street of Rome, in the middle; and the Via del Babuino to the left hand, leading into the Piazza di Spagna, where foreign visitors usually dwell. Upon this occasion not only the Ripetta, but the Piazza del Popolo and the Corso, for a length of three-quarters of a mile, as far as the central Piazza Colonna, were flooded to a depth of six or eight feet. It is said that no former inundation, since the sixteenth century, has been so great as this; but there was a great one in 1846, at the beginning of the reign of Pius IX. The Corso was traversed by boats and rafts, which latter were often extemporized from tables, or other household furniture. The people in the houses were supplied with provisions by letting down baskets from their upper windows to the bakers and butchers passing in those vehicles, as no horse and cart was able to go into the streets during twenty-four hours. On the evening of December 28 the Piazza del Popolo looked like a lake, with two great torrents of water pouring into it from the Ripetta and the Corso. In the middle stood the Egyptian obelisk and the four lions of the fountain still above water, the lions' mouths continuing to pour out their contribution, which is usually received by the four marble basins of the fountain. Between the Piazza del Popolo, shown in the fore-ground of the engraving, and St. Peter's, in the distance, the flood swept over every thing except a few isolated houses, to which it was all but impossible to convey food for the imprisoned inhabitants. It is said that two Italian soldiers, in attempting to do so, were drowned.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Although many ancient writers allude to appearances in the sky which, there is no doubt, were identical with the aurora, we have not any very accurate descriptions, the phenomena having been regarded from a superstitious rather than a scientific point of view. The first of these displays of which we have a careful and scientific account is one that occurred A.D. 1560; but the particulars were not published till ninety years afterward, when they appeared in a book called "A Description of Meteors." In 1621 the name of Aurora Borealis was given to this phenomenon by Gassendi, the French philosopher, on the occasion of a remarkable display visible over a great part of Europe. None seems to have been observed after this till the year 1707; but during the last century it has been by no means uncommon.

It occurs generally in the spring or autumn, particularly after a dry year. In the arctic regions, however, it is the usual accompaniment of a clear winter's night, and is familiar to the inhabitants even of the Shetland Isles. Lights of a similar character have been observed toward the south pole. Mr. Forster, in a voyage with Captain Cook, had an opportunity of observing the Aurora Australis, as it has been termed, and thus describes its appearance: "It consisted of long columns of a clear white light, shooting up from the horizon to the eastward almost to the zenith, and gradually spreading over the whole southern part of the sky. These columns were sometimes bent sideways at their upper extremities, and though in most respects similar to the northern lights of our hemisphere, yet differed from them in being always of a whitish color, whereas ours assume various tints, especially those of a fiery and purple hue."

It is, however, in the northern hemisphere that there have been most opportunities of taking minute observations of this phenomenon, and it is from these that we are able to form some idea of the natural operations to which it owes its existence. The flashes of light which constitute the aurora are now generally allowed to be within the region of the terrestrial atmosphere, though they were at one time considered to be far beyond it, as it was thought that they could not otherwise be visible at such a height from the horizon over such an extended area. It would appear, however, that the aurora covers a larger extent of sky than an observer would suppose. All is invisible to him except a certain arc with its flaming and streaming offshoots. Its visibility has, perhaps, some analogy to that of the rainbow, which, as is well known, appears to two observers to be of a different height, their positions requiring the light to be reflected from different parts of the sky to make the angles of incidence and reflection equal in the case of each. There are circumstances attending the auroral phenomena which may be accepted as proofs of their electric nature. It is supposed that the lights seen are flashes of electricity passing through the higher strata of the atmosphere, which are, of course, highly rarefied, and an experiment whereby a stream of electricity is passed through a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted strengthens this view, appearances similar to those of the aurora having been noted.

The position of the arc is observed to bear a remarkable relation to the magnetic pole: it generally lies east and west, having its vertex on the magnetic meridian, but it appears at all times to have the magnetic pole for its centre. The earth currents of electricity, which often interfere with the working of electric telegraphs, are most frequent at the time of a display of the aurora, sometimes causing an entire stoppage in the working of the wires, unless the electric circuit can, by using double wires, be rendered independent of the earth. The magnetic compass is also affected during the display of an aurora, and often in places where the latter is invisible. Sir John Franklin, who made some minute observations in the arctic regions upon the deviations of the needle, which are often so slight as to require microscopic examination, stated that the motions were not sudden; but that, after an aurora, the needle would travel slowly in a certain direction, and as slowly recover its position after several hours. He also remarked that when the arc was not at right angles to the magnetic meridian, but inclined to east or west, the needle deviated toward that end of the arc which was nearer to the magnetic pole; after deviation, it would be assisted in recovering its position if an aurora occurred in a direction opposite to the former. He observed that when the arc seemed to be exactly at right angles to the meridian the needle was generally inclined to the west. The prevalence of pink, violet, and blue in the colors of the lights seems to confirm the probability that they result from a discharge of electricity; and the noise affirmed by some to have been heard at the time of an auroral display seems to have resembled somewhat the crackling sound heard when sparks are taken from a Leyden-jar, or the conductor of an electric machine. The hearers have compared it to the sound made by rubbing one piece of silk on another, and to the discharge of fire-works. Some, however, including Captains Parry and Franklin, have affirmed that they never heard any sound at such times which they could not trace to ordinary terrestrial sources.

Although, of course, difficult to ascertain with certainty, it would seem that these auroræ, the borealis and australis, occur simultaneously at their respective poles, and this would point to an electric action common to both. It has been surmised that on such occasions a discharge of electricity is taking place from the poles to the equator, and the apparent motion of the auroral arc in that direction seems to confirm this view. There are, however, reasons for thinking that, on the contrary, the discharge is from the equator to the poles, and that the direction of the motion is only apparent. However this may be, we may presume that in one or other of these places an amount of electricity accumulates from time to time, and that it is periodically discharged into the other through the medium of the upper atmosphere; or that the atmosphere and the earth form together a galvanic circle, which is put into action at certain intervals. But it is remarkable that though the earth currents would be expected to run north and south, they are frequently observed to move in a direction from east to west. Like many other phenomena, however, this has yet to be fully investigated by observation and experiment. The meteorology of the earth will, perhaps, be found to be more under the influence of this electric action than is at present supposed. It no doubt performs some important function, and is destined to be as perpetual as the revolution of the globe itself. Discoveries respecting it will, in all probability, assist to confirm the theory that heat, motion, and electricity are essentially one, and that they are the origin of many of the phenomena of the earth and of the organic life on its surface.

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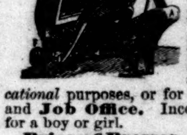

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